

Common Ground

Postwar Employment and the Negro Worker

John A. Davis and Marjorie McKenzie Lawson

EDUCATING FOR ONE WORLD Esther W. Hymer

"WITH ALL MY COMPLIMENTS"

George and Helen Papashvily

CASE HISTORY Bradford Smith

THE HOMECOMING Frank Yerby

MEXICAN MIDDLETOWN

Norman Daymond Humphrey

FUNERALS ARE FUN Milla Logan

— *and others* —

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COMMON COUNCIL FOR AMERICAN UNITY, 20 WEST 40, N. Y. 18

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To further an appreciation of what each group has contributed to America, to uphold the freedom to be different, and to encourage the growth of an American culture which will be truly representative of all the elements that make up the American people.

To overcome intolerance and discrimination because of national origin, race, or creed.

To help the foreign-born and their children solve their special problems of adjustment, know and value their particular cultural heritage, and share fully and constructively in American life.

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POSTWAR EMPLOYMENT AND THE NEGRO WORKER

JOHN A. DAVIS AND
MARJORIE MCKENZIE LAWSON

IN THE transitional uncertainty that surrounds the nation's job future, the prospects of minority workers are especially obscure. This is because their employment traditionally trails the fortunes of majority workers and has never been settled, if at all, until the job security of the majority appears to have been established. The outlook for America's second-string workers is rendered even less clear by the fact that so little recorded information about their status exists.

It is a trade secret among those who toil in the field of race relations that the normally available statistics about minority groups are a sadly inadequate set of tools. A case of minority status can be made out for some 27 million American citizens and three million resident aliens. But beyond the basic population counts for Latin-Americans, Jews, Negroes, and so on, the experts are hard put to say in what industries they work, at what skill levels, or what proportion of the unemployed they constitute.

It may be urged that in a democratic society people are not to be put into categories on the basis of race, color, religion, or place of origin for any purpose. There are certain realists, however, who insist that the lack of information about the minority worker is to be attributed

to indifference about his condition. They suggest further that the combined weight of discrimination variously practiced against some 30 million people is a national problem that can be handled intelligently only on the basis of full knowledge of its nature and its effect upon the economic life of the nation.

Fact-finding is not wholly in disrepute these days. It is, as certain leaders and legislators have come to realize, a powerful technique. And, as will be admitted by the normal reporting sources of the Government, bound by budget and by custom, it is also an expensive one. The pressure of wartime demands for information about worker reserves made these bureaus more sensitive to their obligation to develop the full story of who's who in the labor force. Yet in the few short months since VJ-Day, the stock of facts about minority workers, whose skills are no longer so urgently needed, has fallen off.

II

The most complete data, now and always, have concerned the Negro worker, doubtless because he comprises the largest single minority, is most easily identified, and most seriously discriminated against.

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Yet seldom do we obtain both the quantitative and qualitative picture about any aspect of his job struggle. There are only signs and indices of what has happened to him in this early reconversion period. Only gross predictions may be made concerning his postwar future. We interpret the signs and portents carefully, however, for they are the barometer, not only of the condition of other minority workers, but of the very economy itself. When times are good, the Negro worker has a job, frequently one commensurate with the skills he has or might develop. When times are bad, he goes on relief.

During the depression days it was axiomatic among curbstome economists to assert that the country needed a good war in order for everyone to have a job. As far as the Negro was concerned, this was no mean estimate of the situation, for his economic plight had reached its lowest ebb. He had lost out all the way around, not just in the dark decade of the '30s, but from 1920 on. This gradual restriction of his economic opportunities began during the so-called great period of American prosperity and the depression merely precipitated the incipient development. By 1930, he was proportionately worse off in manufacturing, mining, trade, and transportation than he had been twenty years earlier. Negro boilermakers and machinists had practically disappeared from the census tables. And, more ironically, Negro workers were displaced even from the jobs which they had held traditionally, experiencing severe losses in the barbering trades and in the hotel and restaurant services. In some occupations the displacement was accompanied by violence. During 1921, five colored firemen on southern railways were killed and eight injured and between 1931 and 1944 ten died and twenty-one were wounded.

By 1940, the Negro worker was lashed uncompromisingly to the bottom of the

occupational ladder. In the first decade after World War I, which gave him his first industrial opportunity, he had made some gains in such industries as iron, steel, meat packing, and automobile manufacturing. Nevertheless, the 1940 Census reveals that Negro men, who formed only 10.3 per cent of the total male working population, were 60.2 per cent of all males in domestic service, 21 per cent of all laborers and 21 per cent of all farm laborers and foremen. Negro women, constituting 18.9 per cent of the total female working population, were 46.6 per cent of all female domestics and 26.9 per cent of all female laborers.

During the national defense and early war years, Negroes represented 25 per cent to 38 per cent of relief rolls in leading industrial cities; and as late as 1942, in the city of New York, Negroes were 25 per cent of persons on relief when they were only 6.1 per cent of the total population. Three months before Pearl Harbor, a Government study revealed that over 60 per cent of the next half-year's defense job openings were not for them. It is not remarkable, therefore, that by July 1942, non-whites, as Negroes, Chinese, Japanese, American Indians, and sometimes Latin-Americans are euphemistically called, constituted just a little over 2 per cent of all persons in war production. In 1938, Negroes were only 8.4 per cent of all persons employed by the Federal Government in Washington, and 90 per cent of these were employed in custodial capacities.

In a vague and general way, everyone is aware that the Negro worker made tremendous industrial and occupational advances as a result of the war. It was imperative for the country to have full production, and this in turn required budgeting the entire economy in terms of all national resources, including manpower and raw materials. Profits were

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guaranteed and financing was accomplished by high and progressive taxation and by borrowing. The pull of wartime labor shortages and the establishment of the national fair employment policy through Executive Orders 8802 and 9346, as well as the activities of FEPC, the War Manpower Commission, and the contracting agencies of Government in effectuating the orders, brought about the fullest utilization of the Negro's labor and skills ever achieved in this country.

By March 1944 Negroes had become 19.2 per cent of all persons employed in departmental Federal service. Of these only 40 per cent were classified in crafts, protective, and custodial work, whereas 60 per cent were in clerical, administrative and fiscal, clerical mechanic, professional, and sub-professional positions. In industry, Negro employment in plants reporting to the War Manpower Commission rose from 2.5 per cent of the total employment in July 1942 to 8.3 per cent in November 1944. By April 1944 over a million Negro workers had been added to the civilian labor force, and the number employed as skilled craftsmen, foremen, and operators was increased from 500,000 to 1,000,000. Moreover, most of the Negro's gain was in the manufacturing industries where, during the depression, he had suffered most.

The significant new advances occurred in aircraft, shipbuilding, plastic materials, tanks, tires and inner tubes, guns, howitzers and related equipment, small firearms, communication equipment and related products, and in agricultural machinery and tractors. For example, between July 1942 and November 1944, Negro employment increased from 5.7 per cent to 12.4 per cent in shipbuilding and from zero to 7.6 per cent in plastics. Important progress also was made by the Negro worker in industries in which he already had a foothold, such as blast furnaces,

steel works and rolling mills, aluminum and magnesium products, smelting, refining and processing of non-ferrous metals, meat-slaughtering and packing, and iron and steel foundry products. In the latter, the per cent of total employment increased from 18.6 to 25.8, and skill utilization improved all along the line.

III

It is clear that the Negro worker has very little chance of retaining a considerable portion of his wartime industrial employment. In the course of the war, non-white employment rose rapidly in marginal, purely wartime industries because Negroes represented the bulk of marginal workers, unemployed and available. As has been pointed out by the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the Negro worker has achieved his greatest occupational advances in the semi-skilled factory jobs which will suffer the severest cutbacks during the postwar period and his best industrial progress has occurred in those industries which will experience the greatest postwar declines. Peacetime levels in ammunition, explosives, firearms, aircraft, and shipbuilding will never approximate wartime production. Nothing but another war would revive production in ammunitions, explosives and firearms, aircraft and shipbuilding to their wartime levels. Consequently, the Negro worker will be subjected to the hazards of finding employment in new industry and will have the additional difficulties of transferring his war-learned skills or of obtaining retraining.

An industry-by-industry analysis reveals the complexity of the Negro's postwar job outlook. Though bad, the picture is not altogether one-sided, and, for the present, certain controlling factors are undetermined.

Aircraft and shipbuilding alone em-

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played 297,000 of the 1,282,000 Negroes in manufacturing in November 1944. By October 1945 both industries were 85 per cent below their combined January 1944 peak. Total employment in shipbuilding and repair had fallen to 655,000 by October 15, 1945, and by mid-February will be down to 300,000. Estimates of employment in postwar shipbuilding vary from 65,000 up to 250,000. Such estimates are based on the assumption that we shall have the biggest Navy in the world and maintain our present Merchant Marine position. It is doubtful that we can compete successfully with European merchant marine systems, if for no other reason than the disparity in wage costs. Negroes seeking to stay in shipbuilding will have to face a general lack of seniority and displacement because of veterans' re-employment rights. Unfortunately, the International Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, CIO, which has been the most advanced in allowing the fair employment of Negroes, is an industrial union and does not reach into the construction industry. On the other hand, the International Brotherhood of Boilermakers, Iron Ship Builders and Helpers of America, AF of L, is both an industrial and craft union and will provide some rotating employment in the expanding construction industries for those of its members who lose out in shipyards.

The Boilermakers used restrictive practices to limit the amount and nature of Negro employment in the shipbuilding industry both prior to and during the war. The postwar prospects of Negro workers in shipbuilding will therefore depend upon whether it is AF of L or CIO yards that are kept open. On the whole, if the industry goes back to its normal prewar level, only about 10,000 to 12,000 Negro workers can expect to find employment in shipbuilding and repair and these will suffer downgrading. This means that

some 182,000 Negroes who were in shipbuilding in July 1944 must seek work elsewhere. It is certainly doubtful that they will experience the kind of utilization in the new industries they enter which they achieved in shipbuilding.

A great deal of the headway made by the Negro worker in the aircraft industry was the result of the activities of FEPC which held hearings in Los Angeles during the early expansion of the industry, thereby setting a pattern. Credit goes also to the contracting agencies of the Government and the War Manpower Commission for their role in creating fair employment opportunities. In March 1940 there were only 250 Negroes among the 100,000 persons employed in aircraft. In July 1944 they were approximately 116,000 of the 2,100,000 persons in the industry. Since VJ-Day, aircraft employment has dropped tremendously and by December 1945 totalled about 250,000. Perhaps Negro employment at that time was somewhere around 15,000. In the long peacetime run, the industry may hire an average of 200,000 persons and of this number from 10,000 to 14,000 may be Negroes.

The future does not look too good, either, for Negro employment in the Federal Government. Of the roughly 300,000 Negroes in Government in March 1944, approximately 70 per cent were in unclassified positions. These were for the most part industrial workers and heavy laborers and were confined to the Army Service Forces, the Army Air Forces, Naval shore establishments, etc. Only 30 per cent of all Negro employees as compared with 51.3 per cent of all workers were in the classified service. Moreover, the overwhelming proportion of Negroes in the classified service were in temporary war agencies and held war-service appointments only. The new employment of the Negro in the Federal Government came

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after March 16, 1942, when all appointments were for the duration of the war and six months thereafter. The clerical and stenographic personnel among Negroes who were hired by war agencies can hardly look to private industry as their white co-workers can for postwar employment, for clerical employment in private industry has been a field in which the least inroads have been made by non-white workers. Federal employment had decreased in November 1945 by over one-half million persons below its peak month in that year. It is safe to say that Negroes were more than 60,000 of this number. By June 1946, between 120,000 and 140,000 will have lost their jobs in the Federal Government.

Although the Negro worker experienced considerable advancement for the first time in the rubber industry, his skill utilization has not been good. There are many things, including seniority status and the return of veterans, which make his postwar future in this industry doubtful. The same is not true of the synthetic rubber plants which constitute a new development in the industry and in which Negro employment is highest.

IV

As compared with the industries in which the outlook for the continuation of Negro wartime employment is bad, there are some where the picture is either good or where there are at least factors on both sides of the ledger. Postwar employment in iron and steel appears to be good for everyone, for there is a great deal of stored-up domestic and foreign demand. The industry worked long hours because of acute labor shortages during the war and the peacetime reduction of hours will increase the demand for labor.

The wartime advance of the Negro in the iron and steel industry has been not

only quantitative but qualitative. At the beginning of the war Negro workers were limited to certain occupations or to certain departments. This did not always mean that the jobs brought lower pay, but they customarily involved dirty, hot, heavy work. Negro workers on their own initiative brought pressure to change this situation and to achieve upgrading and transfer to new departments. They even used the threat of strike in their segregated units which had the effect of tying up the whole industry, since usually they controlled one function or one department. The top direction of the United Steel Workers of America, CIO, was sympathetic to the pent-up grievances of their Negro members and "went down the line" in working for their rights. The workers also received considerable help from FEPC, and management was co-operative. Seniority in the steel industry is for the most part on a departmental basis. This means that Negro workers in new departments do have a good chance of keeping their jobs. If they lose, however, they risk being let out of the industry altogether except where departmental seniority is supplemented by plant-wide seniority. Employment generally in the steel industry is noted for being either up or down, for the industry is either prosperous or poverty-stricken.

Meat packing is another industry in which the Negro worker made strong inroads during and immediately following World War I. In terms of present foreign and domestic demands, as in steel, the industry has a remarkable postwar future. During the war Negro workers experienced considerable upgrading because many white workers left for higher-paying war jobs. There was little drafting out of the industry, which was an essential one, and the Negro worker does not have to face the competition of returning veterans. The United Packinghouse Workers of

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America, CIO, has been consistently forthright on the race question. At the present time, therefore, the Negro worker finds himself in good jobs with relatively good seniority status in an expanding industry and with little or no veteran competition.

The automobile industry stands a good chance of operating at its wartime peak if new foreign markets develop. Otherwise approximately a 20 per cent reduction of activity is expected. The Negro worker had considerable employment in the automobile industry before the war. This increased appreciably during hostilities until he was roughly 15 per cent of all workers in the principal plants in the industry. Largely as a result of FEPC activity, backed up by strong union action, Negroes experienced significant upgrading during the war, although not always without difficulty. Under the six-point transfer agreement, set up in 1940, which governed the transfer of the industry's workers from peacetime to wartime production, a worker accumulated seniority on his peacetime job only, regardless of what he did in war production. Since under this arrangement the prewar occupational distribution of Negroes will be a determining factor, many Negroes will be downgraded. Supplementary agreements have softened the effect of this seniority principle in some plants. On the whole and in the long run, Negroes can expect a minimum displacement of 20 per cent in the industry and, in addition, many can expect to go back to the automobile foundries from which they came before the war.

The clothing and apparel industry is another in which the Negro worker improved upon a position originally acquired during World War I. Not only have new numbers of Negroes entered both the women's and men's garment industry during the war, but they have achieved increased utilization of their skills, espe-

cially in Philadelphia and Baltimore. The prospect for continued high levels of production and employment is good. The Negro worker does not have to be concerned here with seniority agreements since work-sharing arrangements are typical of this industry which is characterized by seasonality and slack periods of work.

To a great extent the Negro worker's immediate industrial future depends upon the construction industry. Most Negroes will be seeking work in heavy industry, and this is the one which anticipates the most immediate large-scale expansion. Eight hundred thousand more jobs are expected in the construction industry in 1946 than existed in 1945; and if the industry solves its material-costs and labor-costs problems, the extent of the expansion is difficult to forecast. A great number of workers in shipbuilding may find employment in the construction industry since many of the skills are transferable. Moreover, the Negro worker traditionally, since the ante-bellum days of the Old South, has had good representation in the building trades. Before the war, 50 per cent of all skilled Negroes were building mechanics.

On the whole, the history of the Negro worker's relationship with the AF of L craft unions has been precarious, and the attitude of the building crafts generally toward him has varied. The International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers of America, AF of L, habitually excludes Negroes, although during the war in some places the policy was relaxed. Habitual exclusion is also characteristic of the AF of L's United Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters and its International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers. The International Association of Blacksmiths, Drop Forgers, and Helpers provides only segregated auxiliary status for Negro workers, as is also true of the Boilermakers, although the latter

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has established nearly equal separate unions for Negroes in some places, especially in California, since the decision of the State's supreme court in the *James* case. Earlier action by FEPC, which held a series of hearings on the West Coast on the problems arising from the Boilermakers' policies, were of major importance in clarifying the issues and improving the work opportunities of Negroes.

The best AF of L craft union practices have occurred in the Operative Plasterers and Cement Finishers; the Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers; the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers; and the Hod Carriers, Building and Common Laborers. In nearly every instance the presence of a large number of Negro mechanics in the field was responsible for the relatively good attitude of the unions. But all of these so-called good unions are spotty in their treatment of the Negro worker in terms of geographical location. This does not necessarily mean unions in the South. The Carpenters and Joiners have been particularly unpredictable. During the depression only the pressure of Government concern insured Negro building mechanics their fair share of PWA employment.

Wholesale and retail trade can be expected to expand at tremendous rates. By the end of 1946 it will have reached its 1941 level, the highest in history. Unfortunately, while this industry employs a large proportion of Negroes, their utilization in the field is generally bad. Negro employment as clerical personnel in department stores is practically non-existent. The same is true of office personnel, secretarial and administrative personnel, etc. Many disemployed Government workers can look to wholesale and retail trade for placement, but not Negroes. In department stores, for example, colored workers usually are employed only as janitors, cleaners, stock and warehouse workers.

Occasionally they may be elevator operators and starters.

The Negro's good position in coal mining antedated World War I, and the United Mine Workers of America was one of the first exemplary unions in establishing non-discriminatory membership rules. Although the Negro worker's immediate outlook for employment in coal mining is good, long-run prospects for the industry as a whole are gloomy because of the competition of new fuels. In coal mining the Negro does not have to face the problem of seniority, for here again the unions have favored work-sharing arrangements in slack periods.

The communications industry, which the Negro entered for the first time during the war, has good prospects, somewhat below wartime levels, when it settles its present price and labor problems. It is remarkable that his entrance has been coupled with relatively fair skill utilization, which clearly would not have taken place but for the activities of FEPC. This development did not accompany the introduction of non-white workers into any other industry for the first time.

The railroad industry will certainly not match its wartime activity in any way. The immediate drop in freight handling will for the time being be more than made up by passenger traffic, but in due course the competition of the skyways and the roadways will perhaps leave the railroads a depressed industry. Opportunities for employment, especially in the maintenance branch, will remain high for a long period to come as imported foreign workers are returned to their homes. But ultimately the Negro can expect worse and worse and less and less employment. He is faced by the hostility of most of the unions in the field. The following exclude him by constitution: Railroad Telegraphers, Railway Mail Association, Switch-

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men's Union, the four great Brotherhoods, the Train Dispatchers, and the Railroad Yardmasters. The Brotherhood of Railroad Shop Crafts excludes him by tacit consent. In the South the decision of the Supreme Court in the *Steele* and *Tunstall* cases hardly will be enough to prevent pressures of union and management from displacing Negro firemen, hostlers, and brakemen. Negro pullman porters and dining-car workers will suffer finally because of the decline in passenger traffic resulting from auto, bus, and air competition. Those Negroes who have become stewards during the war undoubtedly will get "bumped" after the war because of seniority.

Airlines generally do not employ Negroes except as porters and plane washers, and until recently the Air Line Pilots Association excluded Negroes by constitution. Commercial airlines in America offer no future to the members of the all-Negro 332nd Bombardment Group which performed so splendidly during the war.

In automobile trucking Negroes have made some gains but have not broken into the better-paid, over-the-road trucking jobs. FEPC attempts in Detroit to achieve this have proved unavailing.

Ship transportation holds little future for Negroes or whites since foreign merchant marines undoubtedly will out-distance the American Merchant Marine. While the CIO's National Maritime Union has a forthright policy on the use of Negroes, the AF of L's SMU organizes them in its stewards' division only, and its Masters, Mates, and Pilots excludes them altogether. Negroes long have had good opportunities as longshoremen, an occupation that will stay up for quite some time and will undoubtedly continue at levels far beyond prewar days, although below the wartime expansion. Both the AF of L and the CIO unions in this field are fair in their policy regarding the Ne-

gro, and in this case the AF of L leads the way.

The future of the Negro platform worker in the local transit industry appears to be good, both in cities like Chicago, Philadelphia, and Los Angeles where his utilization was a wartime innovation and in New York and Cleveland where his opportunities were increased.

From March 1945 to October 15, 1945, the ordnance industry, which had a good wartime record on non-white employment, decreased from 1,360,000 to 165,000 persons, a level somewhat in the neighborhood of its peacetime operations. Of the 530,000 persons in ordnance who were located in metal processing plants and who were released by September 15, 27 per cent were transferred immediately to peacetime production. Since industrial transfer is involved, the nature of the Negro's concentration in this industry, as in shipbuilding and aircraft, subjects him unduly to the hazards of reconversion.

The cotton textile industry has offered only slight employment to the Negro during the war. He was able to break into some six or seven plants in the deep South and in Maryland, although the non-realization of his potential use was one of the factors in the constantly recurring cotton crises of the war period. Ultimately cotton textiles will feel severely the pinch of synthetic competition. It is especially unfortunate that this southern industry supplies practically no employment for the Negro now, in its boom period, nor hope for the future.

The lumber industry in the South and in the Northwest has hired Negroes for a long period. In fact, southern lumber mills were one of the first industries which the Negro broke into, although his utilization has been characterized by the most unhappy kind of exploitation, including low wages, wage differentials, and even peonage. There is, however, acute

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demand for other building material such as brick, clay, and terazzo products where the Negro has found traditional employment.

In food processing and in the tobacco industry the colored worker can expect a continued volume of employment along with other workers, although the tobacco industry will undoubtedly decline from its wartime level. The Negro also can expect continuing traditional employment in the southern furniture industry. Unfortunately, while the Negro has had quantitative employment in these industries, the pattern of occupational segregation runs through the whole picture, and neither the CIO nor the A.F. of L. has been forthright in achieving fair employment.

During the war, for the first time, the Negro achieved significant employment in tractors and agricultural machinery beyond his employment in foundries. All workers may anticipate continuing employment in this field since it has already returned to its wartime level and for some time is expected to stay there. Both unions and the companies have sound policies with regard to the employment of Negroes. The Negro worker's chances in other industrial machinery fields are thin and uneven.

Service occupations of all kinds will of course boom now, and, as in the past, Negroes will find their greatest non-agricultural employment here, especially in domestic service. In the immediate future the colored worker will continue to fill some of the better service jobs since white workers are for the present unwilling to accept the low wages involved. Current indications from U.S. placement data show that the Negro worker, uncertain of his economic future, is willing to take service positions.

No discussion of the industrial future of the Negro would be complete without some comment on the South where the

great reservoir of Negro labor still exists, and where, in fact, the great reservoir of all the nation's marginal labor is found. During World War II the South received a great number of war contracts, in contrast to the distribution characteristic of the last war. Dr. Herbert Northrup, in his recent Public Affairs pamphlet, *Will Negroes Get Jobs Now?*, has pointed out that more than seven billion dollars in prime war contracts had been let by the end of 1943 in the six southern states of Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Tennessee alone. During the war, in those states which comprise the War Manpower Commission's Region VII, there was a gain of approximately 75,000 non-whites in manufacturing. Seventy-three thousand of these have lost or will lose their wartime jobs, according to regional WMC estimates. What will happen to the thousands of Negroes who worked in the shipyards of Newport News, Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Brunswick, Tampa, Miami, New Orleans, Mobile, Gulfport, etc. is a great problem since most of these towns were one-industry towns. The usual answer to this problem is to say that these workers will go back to the farms from which they came, but they certainly will not go back to any kind of useful economic activity or to a decent standard of living.

American cotton now is only 33 per cent instead of its normal 55 per cent of the world's cotton, and it faces increased competition abroad and synthetic fibers at home. It has been estimated that one-third of the people normally on farms in the South must find work elsewhere and that the non-farm employment of the South must go up 60 per cent if the region is not to lag seriously behind the rest of the nation. There appears at present to be no possibility of this up-turn in production.

V

Much of the impossibility of measuring accurately the impact of reconversion on the status of the Negro worker is related to the overall indefiniteness of the unemployment picture. It is true, of course, that much less unemployment has developed than was expected, but the situation is confused further by the large number of non-workers who are out of the labor market chiefly because of labor market conditions and the competition of other activities such as going to school, raising a family, enjoying old age, etc. In it are also involved temporarily idle persons, including discharged veterans who have been promised jobs once reconversion is over or who are vacationing and not seeking work. Most significantly, of course, there is no data at the present time on partial unemployment of non-whites. The many Negroes who find employment only casually are improperly counted as employed. Available figures indicate that non-white non-agricultural employment, which was 11 per cent of the total on August 11, 1945, accounted for 18.4 per cent of the total decrease which took place between August 11 and September 8, 1945. Total non-white unemployment during the week of November 4 to 10 was in the neighborhood of 230,000 which is an increase of 76 per cent over Negro unemployment in the spring of 1945.

It is certainly clear that minority workers as a whole in the United States cannot expect successful working of the fair employment practice policy, should one be adopted by Congress, unless there is full employment in the United States. It is, paradoxically, just as true that there cannot be continued full employment in the United States unless there is fair employment.

With reference to the latter subject, it

should be evident to everyone that underconsumption, the lack of capacity of the mass of the people to consume, is one of the major causes for lack of full employment and unemployment in the United States. When one considers that there are about thirty million people who are minorities in different parts of the United States, it can be seen how the economic discrimination which results in low wages, bad housing, ill health, wage differentials, etc. is a major factor in keeping down mass capacity to consume.

We are indebted to Keynes and Hansen and to other economists for the clear demonstration of the point that money must be put into the hands of people who buy, not people who save. The great portion of America's minorities are consumers pure and simple, not investors or savers. The fact that American industry needs them as consumers, needs them to have purchasing power, has been recognized by Eric A. Johnston when he was president of the United States Chamber of Commerce; by Robert Johnson, President of Johnson and Johnson, makers of surgical dressings; and by other industrialists.

In the long run it is impossible for the majority of workers to be secure in their preferred positions while minority group workers are unemployed, underpaid, and unfairly paid. The competition of cheap products made by minority group workers and the competition of a large pool of unused minority workers will inevitably drive down the wages of all workers. This in turn further destroys consuming power and causes cumulating unemployment. In fact, the inability of minority group workers to consume destroys the very jobs which majority group workers seek to safeguard by resisting the employment and proper utilization of minority group workers.

There are other serious economic costs

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which accrue to society from the failure to employ minority group workers. Obviously their full productive capacities are lost to the community when they are unemployed, under-utilized, or not trained to their fullest capacities. Minority group workers are a drain on the tax funds when they are on relief, and their bad health, caused by bad housing and lack of sufficient income to sustain creature necessities, is not only a burden on the public-supported tax facilities but is also a source of infection to the whole population. Moreover it impairs their working ability and their capacity to develop themselves.

The nature of the economic cycle has been carefully analyzed by many economists, Pigou, Mitchell, Keynes, Hansen, Beveridge, etc. We have taken steps in this country to curb the tendency of the economy to operate in this fashion through the establishment of the Federal Reserve System, the Securities Exchange Commission, a system of unemployment compensation and of old age insurance, a permanent Federal public works program, etc. The acceptance of discrimination as a practice by Americans, however, certainly continues to act as a brake on the economy when the nation is trying to recover from depression and accelerates a downward movement once it gets under way.

During the beginning of the last depression the political and social pressures demanding private and government action appeared very late and were on the whole quite weak because America had a social cushion in its minorities. They were displaced from their jobs by majority-group workers and were relegated to the lower-paid jobs or to the unemployed. Since the majority-group workers had recourse to the jobs of minority-group workers, the impact of the depression was softened for them and they did not react with vigor

politically until the economy was in head-long decline. In the South, displaced Negro workers had no vote, of course. Even in the midst of the depression this cushion of the disinherited continued to work, for an examination of the relief rolls of 1933-1936 anywhere in the country will show that minority-group workers predominated. We have already indicated in this article the displacement which the Negro experienced in his traditional jobs.

VI

Now we turn to an examination of what kind of full employment is necessary in order to insure the full and fair employment of minority-group workers.

Certain facts, not generally emphasized, are pertinent to this discussion. Normal, so-called good peacetime operation of the economy will certainly not result in that kind of tightness of the labor market which will make employers seek minority-group workers and give majority-group workers sufficient security to make them willing to accept their minority-fellows. In 1941 we achieved our highest peacetime employment of 50.4 million persons. This was a year in which there was somewhere around fifteen billion dollars worth of Government spending on defense contracts, more than Congress would spend on pump-priming in its present mood. Yet, as we have noted, 1941 was a year in which there was widespread unemployment for Negroes, when their situation was so critical they threatened to march on Washington to petition their government.

It took the kind of fully working economy and the kind of tightness of the labor market which a war produced to establish the economic pressures and the social tolerance necessary to provide minority-group workers with their highest employment and utilization in the history

of the country. It took a labor market which at its wartime peak employed 66 million people in both its military and civilian aspects to bring relatively fair employment to the Negro.

Counting persons who will leave the labor market, most authorities agree that we must employ from 58 to 60 million persons in order to achieve full employment. This low estimate, low in terms of wartime utilization, depends to a large extent upon the willingness of many women, young people, and old people to leave the labor market because of new resistances, economic and social, to their continued employment in relatively high-paying jobs, or to follow traditional or desirable competing activities. The Negro worker certainly will have to press for 60 million jobs if there is going to be the kind of competition for labor which will drive employers to hire him and workers to accept him.

The fundamental nature of the wartime economy which brought full employment has been described by Robert C. Weaver in a new book, *Negro Labor*: "Such a volume of employment was possible when, in the emergency of war, there was sufficient assured outlay (spending for goods and services) to take a maximum output of needed goods off the market. . . . The budget was conceived of in terms of national resources, and the only limiting factors were raw materials, manpower and organizational ability." For the time, the influence of the relatively freely-operating profit system on production was nullified. This, rather than the many wartime controls, was the secret of full employment and full production. And it is this kind of economy which the Negro needs in order to get fair employment.

Its principles are met in the Murray-Wagner Full Employment Bill. This provides for a national budget of the expected volume of spending in the nation

and, if this is not sufficient to employ the estimated working force, a national budget, submitted by the President, would make recommendations on how to make up the deficiency by public expenditure, public works, etc., and the encouragement of private investment.

Of course other things will be needed besides the national budgeting of outlay. Timing the location and nature of public and private expenditures, and the planning and location of public works are all part of the picture. The South, for instance, needs definite types of expenditure in differing areas of economic activity, not more cotton production on more land. The Negro, because he is largely a Southerner, needs this kind of economic planning, too. And last and most important, he needs a national employment service which can expedite the movement of labor everywhere in the United States to where there are opportunities and efficient and necessary industry needing it. The Negro needs a Federal uses which can join with other Federal agencies in effectively managing the labor market. It should be noted here that the three principles of (1) budgeting total outlay, embodied in the Murray-Wagner bill, (2) government control of the location of industry, and (3) government promotion of the organized mobility of labor are the basic principles of Sir William Beveridge's "Full Employment in a Free Society."

This, then, is the kind of organization of the economy for full employment which the Negro needs in order to get a reasonable chance at fair employment. The chances for it do not look at all good. At present it would appear that Congress is going to turn the Murray-Wagner bill into one which will prevent national spending to bring total outlay up to budget requirements if deficit financing is involved. Of course at times when government spending is most needed, de-

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ficit financing is usually necessary since the economy has already slowed down. Dr. Weaver, in his already-mentioned book, refers to an article by Eric Johnston in the Saturday Evening Post in which Mr. Johnston declared for steadier jobs but indicated that he did not believe that steady employment was completely obtainable.

More discouraging to the Negro is the type of thinking which is reflected in the report of the Market Committee of the Committee for Economic Development, which assumes that if 3.5 million persons are to be in the Armed Forces and if there is an uncontrolled labor market in the United States resulting in a labor float of two and a half million persons, business in 1947 will be able to provide 53.5 million jobs, or all that are necessary with the exception of a mere 500,000. The implication of this report is that no Government action will be needed. CED does admit, however, that it is possible for the best estimate of needed civilian jobs to reach 58.5 million and the best projection of available jobs, only 51 million.

Thus if full employment objectives are watered down to become reasonably good or reasonably steady employment, minority-group workers will not find any kind of fair employment within this framework. Real tightness in a managed labor market, serviced by a national employ-

ment agency with reasonable controls and backed by a national fair employment practice policy, is the only thing which will bring good employment and fair employment to the minority groups of America.

If, however, America fails to provide full employment and fails to keep a fair employment policy, there is grave danger of race riots in the offing. Industrial demobilization after the last war brought 26 bloody race riots in 1919 and the stage is set again in Portland, Oregon, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Detroit, St. Louis, Gary, Mobile, and other cities across the land. A racial blood bath would shame this nation before the world and stain with hypocrisy the whole organizational effort of UNO in which we play such an important role.

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“WITH ALL MY COMPLIMENTS”

GEORGE AND HELEN PAPASHVILY

ON A FARM, like everybody else, course we had our problems, too. Drought, corn borer, Japanese beetles, tent catapillars—but take all and all, worst our troubles came from presents.

Naturally some was ideal. Mischa, for example, is real genius that line. When his restaurant kepted him busy, couldn't come out, he sent presents instead every mail and always something chosed with real taste. Egyptian clay jug, “Keep wine cool. I be there,” wrote on card; a primus stove, “Case electric blowing up”; full length mirrow in golden frame, “Peer glass for seeing self”; two dozen straw hats, assorted sizes; Belushka, Poland China baby pig, “Her family tree seven generations longer than the Grand Dukes.” He don't add though that this Belushka had three-day stop-over in restaurant so now she won't eat nothing but fresh hot potatoes done up in butter sauce and dashed over with parsley, one of Mischa's specialities. After that, roll of orange silk, “Ladies gonna figure how to use up”; solid copper pot so big could easy cook man in; five pounds L'hat Loukoum, very melting kind Turkish candy, “No forget me, I be there soon”; and so on.

But such kind luck can't always have. There was billiard table all complete Igor sent. Keeped under oak tree first until Mr. Mockett saw. “Can't do that.” He was horrify. “Let squirrels run around on billiard table costs hundred dollars? Gonna ruin.”

So we rented hoist to lift up and had

to take out attic window frames to get such a monstrosity thing through and broke whole length spouting, and then when Mr. Mockett showed how to play billiard we didn't like anyway. If we gonna play little kid games, rather throw kochebe, that's knuckle bones.

Then Liza Petrovna went on a trip Washington, D.C., brought us back souvenir, bushel oysters. We ate in a stew; fried crisp; cooked with crackers; hardly notice any gone out of sack; roasted in fire place; raw; made in soup; still plenty left; back to stew again. First meal I despised to swallow and last day I liked even less.

Well, anyway, one day came letter from Zurabeg, Ossetian fellow, friend of Buffalo Bills, was cook in his circus years and years.

I knew was from Zurabeg letter because odd habit he had. Seems when he comed in U.S.A. he saw first time in his life postage stamps. He liked so much he went right away and had coupla thousand printed, only with his own picture on 'stead of Benjamin Franklin's. Every time he mailed something started argument with post office. Finally he compromised and now he used always his face and Benjamin Franklin's face both to carry his letters.

So I opened envelope.

“Greetings,” writing said to me. “May ever thou be victorious when thou art in battle. How do you find your health? Your family's health?”

“Besso says you got now a farm. Some

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time I come to see you on this farm. Right now too busy. We opening winter quarters, state of Florida. Instead I send you present. Will stay all winter, help you with work. On farm is always too much work, isn't it? Nothing to pay for, only give eat while stays there. Especial trained put up buildings, work with beams. Maybe you need to clear some woods? Can even plow.

“Comes on your railroad 5th day at 6th hour and half. Let you meet. So enjoy with all my compliments.—Zurabeg”

Quite a surprise this letter. I thought he was mad on me still from time I left job he found us first day I'm in New York.

“But see,” I told Helena Gerbertovna, “he's my friend all the time. Glad we got a farm. Sends us helper.”

“Let's see the helper first.”

“I was wrong. I misjudged. I gonna be man, admit my faults. Just because he wasn't speaking me these ten, twelve years, I jumped on a conclusion. How I know? Maybe he don't feel like to talk. My old friend, Zurabeg.”

So time came. I went in station. Meet 6:28. Look over passengers. Nobody for me. I ask advices agent. Can't tell me nothing. While I'm thinking, freight pulls in. With big smashing, crashing they unbuckle red and yellow painted car from train and shunt on a siding. Somebody's hollering my name. It's a man, man getting out from this decorated car. And after him down the runway comes—well in flash is clear to me what means Zurabeg's letter. Might as well face facts. For my new helper he's sending me a elephant.

“So you the guy gonna winter Mom for us?” man tells me. “O.K. Jack, your pal handled all charges. Settle with him. He got everything wrote out so you can read it. Here. Hay. Water. This means go. Means stop. See, Jack?”

“My name is George,” I said. “I'm not understanding any.”

“Pleased to meet you. Then you say, ‘Pick it up.’ See? Or this for ‘Lay down.’ Push. Pull. She'll even make you a bow. Oops. That's a girlie.”

“She looks solidary, I mean strong,” I said.

“She's old but a hell of a good worker, Jack.”

“George. Dangerous. If somebody annoyed?”

“Need to control her, use this.” Showed me fearful weapon. “Bull hook. Behind her ear or in a trunk.”

“I wouldn't torture animal with such thing for no money. Not even alligator.”

“You won't need it. Customers annoys her regular for years, two shows a day. Don't mean a thing. Don't bother this bull none runaway horses, dog fights, gun duels. Nothing. Safe as a church, Jack. Safe as a church.”

“Almost as big, too. My name is George. G-e-o-r-g-e. Spells George.” Certainly didn't help him develop his memory, this fellow, be in company with elephants.

“Glad to know you. Now she's all yours, Jack. I'm gonna wait in that bar over there till the down freight rolls through and then I'm gonna take the car back to Philly. Or maybe car's gonna take me back. See what I mean?”

By this time fifteen, twenty people standing around bothering me with every kind of questions. Questions I be glad myself to find answers to.

“Why you need it? Where you keep it?”

“Leave me lone. I want to think.”

“Can it stand on a barrel?”

“I don't know yet.”

“Where you got it?”

“Ordered out of catalogue from Sears Roebuck,” I said. “You satisfied?”

"Is an elephant? How you gonna get in your car?"

"Naturally is an elephant. Park my car, somebody. I'm gonna walk him home."

So after few maneuvers we got across tracks and started out back road, me and my whole audience, and every time we turned corner picked up few more to follow along. Regular mob, and not missing one little kid in the borough.

If I want any privacy, I thought myself, to get acquainted this animal I guess I have to talk to him Georgian.

"Ara shagesh sendes," I said. "Meh chene amkanagee war. Don't be afraid. I'm your friend. Gonna feed you. Give you good house to sleep. Won't hurt you."

"What you jabber to him?"

"Our personal business," I said.

"Elephants from where you come?"

"No."

"How he knows what you say?"

"Animals automatically understands all languages," I told them. "Well know scientific fact."

We got on the highway. Must Mrs. Bittenbachner heard news already over party wire. She was waiting at her gate to see us clump by. "Whew," she said, "is he ever funny? Dirty lookin'. Whew. Worser close up than in the circus. Like a snake, his trunk. Ugly old thing."

"Never mind her," I told elephant in his big flap ear. "Don't pay attention. I got nose too big for my face, too. And anyway I like how you look. I got nice piece Coopersburg granite saved home. I'm gonna carve you. You be lots better for sculpture than Mrs. Bittenbachner. No pattern at all to her."

Mr. Glidden stopped plowing and came over. "By Goddie," he said. "A nelephant! You figure to work him so, or use harness?"

I said I didn't decide.

"Take a sight of strap to make him a surcingle. Wait, I'll hitch my team and come along with."

I cut through fields and finally got home into the yard. Some of procession was useful to fork down hay out of the loft. But elephant was more thirsty than hungry.

I pumped him bucket water and he drunked. Then another bucket and another and another. And again still another. Amazing thing what elephant can drink. Probably I done better take top off well and let him help himself. Then after he had all he wanted for drinking he started swishing what's left all over his back and sides and head.

Guess it's only natural, I thought. He likes to shine himself up before he meets new bosses. Many times I done same thing, try to make good impression. Now better I go in and break him to Helena Gerbertovna.

"Take it away." She didn't wait I even open door. "My last word. Take it away."

"Be reasonable," I said. "Give me chance explain whole thing. I—"

"Take it away. As usual there's simple logical explanation. I know. I know. But I hear afterward. Take it away."

"Don't have a prejudice. If you come outside, you gonna see how nice gentle elephant he is. You gonna let him stay. For sure."

"That's just exactly why I'm not coming out."

"Only his eat," I said. "Hay. Besides he's real artiste. With full repertoire. Bows. Salutes. Keeps time to music. You be delighted when you see. But just now I don't want exploit him. Those people out there only make fun."

"Why expand?" Helena Gerbertovna asked me. "Let's be satisfied with the simple two-ring show we have now."

"Works good, too. In circus he done everything. Man told me. Put up tents."

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“No.”

“Takes down. Moves cages.”

“No.”

“Pushes railroad trains?”

“No.”

No! Well, like they say, man’s education is finished day he can tell which no means no. I went outside.

If I have to take him back, I thought, might as well I have pleasure once my life to ride like maharajah. But takes quite knack, I found out, to climb up. First I laid stepladder against. But seems to annoy his ribs and every time he joggled.

“Sit in his trunk,” one of little kids said, “and he’ll lift you on. I see in a pitcher.”

But don’t seem to be in a humor. Rather eat hay.

“Tell him ‘Lay down,’” Mr. Glidden said, “and then git astride.”

I tried to climb up from fence but cherry tree accidentally got stepped on and I landed in the butchering kettle.

Now, no use to get excited, I told myself. If I gonna use common sense, I gonna solve this problem.

“O.K.,” I said. “Back him around somebody. Here on the side. Forward. Little bit more. More. Now put him in reverse. Back. Whoa. Keep him there.” I ran up the stairs, climbed out bathroom window, and got good seat on his back. We started off.

By luck we arrived in station before train. I eased elephant into his car still on siding. We was short acquaintances, true, but if life was different, I think we grown good friends to each other. Both we felt sorry to part, that I know. Well, in this world, can’t have everything.

Got man out of saloon. Someway he don’t seems surprised. “Fourth time we tried to park her,” he said. “Just too bad, but boss is gonna have to buy feed himself all winter. But never mind that, Jack, how ’bout my time and car going back? Big money involved move these animals around.”

Finally I settled to pay his bar bill and call square. How to drink he caught anyway from his elephants. By size check must be he had habit, too, to sluice some over his head.

So train pulls out. It’s all over.

“Poor Zurabeg,” I told Helena Gerbertovna that night. “How he be disappointed. Broken. Back I throw his present in his face. My fault. Maybe we had troubles. All right. Now he tries to make up. To help me. He’s my friend. My good friend.”

I was thinking little deeper. “Or is he?”

This is a chapter from the George and Helen Papashvily saga not included in their best-seller, Anything Can Happen.

MEXICAN MIDDLETOWN

NORMAN DAYMOND HUMPHREY

THERE are at least two Mexicos. One is the land of enchantment of the travel folders which occasionally is fleshed into reality by the American tourist, the Mexico of color and dirt and strange new smells, of good hotels, of fiery tequila slithering down one's throat, of much English in delightful Latin accents. This is the Mexico which school teachers and social workers on vacation "simply love," or find "filthy and revolting." This is the Mexico of shoe-shine boys, tourist shops, and ancient American whiskey newly bottled in the back room. This is the Mexico of cathedrals and pyramids and "quaint old Indians" carrying dressers through the streets on their backs.

And the other Mexico? The other Mexico is Tecolotlan, Jalisco—the indigenous source of the good-neighbor policy in reverse. For Tecolotlan is peasant Mexico, "unspoiled Mexico," the Mexico which vacationing school teachers and social workers rarely know.

Of course there are a thousand and one Tecolotlans by whatever name. There are a thousand and one little towns with seemingly unpronounceable Nahuatl, Tarascan, or Zapotecan names; towns with lovely plazas, fine colonial churches and caved-in ruins of one-time adobe houses. My Tecolotlan is some seventy miles southwest of Guadalajara, on the road to Autlan, Jalisco, and not far from such wonderfully named towns as Juchitlan, Tenamaztlan, and San Martin Hidalgo. The Aztec-speaking founders of Tecolotlan called it "the place of the owls." It is a big place, as Mexican towns go, with

some seven thousand persons scattered around in the *municipio*, and with perhaps forty-five hundred in the town itself. Tecolotlan as a Spanish-speaking town dates from the 16th century. Its two main churches tower over the verdant plaza where, as in virtually all Mexican towns, community life centers. Around the plaza are the "big" stores—all of two hundred feet in floor space, the doctor's office, the saloon and poolroom, and the government buildings.

The stores, of course, don't have display windows. Great doors open on the sidewalks, which on three sides of the square are roofed over by *portales*. Under the *portales* one sees persons vending fruits and vegetables, and occasionally on Sunday an enterprising group of salesmen will shout loudly of their wonderful *barata* of yard goods. At the center of the plaza is a bandstand where on Sunday night the town's *mariachis* gather to pull at your heartstrings with soul-filling music. And at each corner of the plaza one sees spouts with running water, and women carrying away great jars on their shoulders. This is the Place of the Owls.

Tecolotlan is almost hidden because it lies in a river valley with hills on each side and with its plaza some two kilometers north of the east-west highway. It is less than a kilometer in width. Clean rows of white-slipped adobe houses line its main street. With only two automobiles in town in daily use, its streets are quiet save for pigs wallowing in mud holes, occasional cows, and trains of pack burros carrying hampers of corn and charcoal.

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The first time I was in Tecolotlan I followed the directions given me by Dr. Isabel Kelly, the American archeologist residing in Tlaquepaque, who perhaps knows more about small towns in Jalisco than most natives of that state. I had explained that I hoped to spend six or eight months in a village or town more or less representative of those from which Mexicans had migrated to the United States, in order to do a sociological study of a Mexican peasant Middletown. She had suggested a number of towns, among them Tecolotlan. She regarded it as more or less typical of the towns of western Jalisco, the area I had selected for my study.

Dr. Kelly knew both the "hotels" in Tecolotlan and recommended the Hotel Altamar—the Hotel High Seas—since of the two it was the cleaner. Moreover, the rent was cheap—two pesos (forty cents American) a day, and that fitted admirably with my budget plans.

at the combination bar and poolroom, played a couple of games of snooker, drank some passable tequila at ten centavos (two cents) a shot, and headed back for Guadalajara.

At the intersection of Tecolotlan's main street and the Guadalajara-Autlan highway, I was fortunate to notice a soft rear tire. It was fortunate not only for the sake of the tire, but also because it afforded the opportunity to meet Carlos Garcia de Alba and his brother Don Juan. Don Carlos has a restaurant and Don Juan owns a gas station. Both men had spent some years in Los Angeles during the Cristero Revolution and spoke adequate English. They, as it later turned out, constituted a Tecolotlanese nucleus for the rural-Mexican-good-neighbor-policy-in-reverse.

Don Carlos Garcia de Alba first came to my aid when I was struggling in Spanish for the Mexican Spanish word for a



So, one of the first things I did in Tecolotlan was to arrange with Doña Maria Teresa, the proprietor, to have a room ready for me when I arrived in town to stay three weeks later. Then, not following Dr. Kelly's advice, I dropped in

tire-boot. I kept trying zapato (shoe), and when he finally walked from his restaurant to his brother's gas station he solved my problem by talking English to me, and Spanish to the tire-repairer. Interestingly enough, the tire-boot turned out to

be a *guarache*. I presented my letter of introduction to Don Carlos, and he immediately assumed an air of helpful friendliness. He told me I would undoubtedly be treated like "one of the family" at Doña Maria Teresa's "hotel"; that there were several persons in town who spoke English, among them El Turco, who was not a Turk but an American citizen since he had fought in the American Army in World War I. He went on to say that a Señor Arturo Arrias, whose father had at one time owned much land but who himself now was very poor, "knew everything" about Tecolotlan and would probably be very happy to aid me in my study of the town. Don Carlos then arranged to sell me five liters of gasoline even though he had replied "No hay" to the query "Hay gasolina" of a passing motorist. This is my town, I thought; and I am now certain, from later developments, that it was.

II

Let me try to give perspective to the good-neighbor-policy-in-reverse by raising some questions. How would the people of an American town in the heart of the United States receive a not-unpleasant mannered Mexican sociologist-anthropologist who appeared among them bearing a letter on the stationery of—let us say—the American Consulate in San Luis Potosi? The letter would request the civil and military authorities to treat the bearer with kindness and courtesy if he questioned the inhabitants about the town and its institutions and observed their way of life.

Would he be welcomed into their homes, invited to parties, feted on his birthday, accepted by the boys in the town square, be asked to visit the school by the principal, have his teeth cleaned gratis by the town dentist, take regular nightly walks with the town judge and the town physician, accompany the post-

man on his appointed rounds, be given presents by persons who had sojourned in Mexico, receive flowers from pretty girls on a Sunday evening and give them in return, despite his married state? Would he be able to say, after a three-months stay in the American town, that he had more genuine friends there than in the Mexican city in which he had lived most of his life? The probabilities are that persons in any American city of five thousand would regard a Mexican sociologist coming to study their community as an intruder with much better things to do than waste his time concerning himself with them. If any Mexicans in Tecolotlan thought that of my mission, they never expressed it to me, or to any of my acquaintances.

Mexican buses, at least second-class ones, are awesome objects, and there are nothing but second-class *camiones* which ply the Tecolotlan trade. There is no assurance they will even show up, what with the tire shortage; and when they do, there follows a mad scramble for seats. Being well trained after long years of scrambling in the United States, I always managed to get one. Everyone eats on the bus and venders ply their wares through the windows.

The gentleman who sat next to me in one of the broken-down Chevrolets on my way to Tecolotlan was considerate of my welfare. After asking and being told where I was going, he strongly advised me to be careful of my activities there and particularly to guard what I did with my money. He searched through his papers and extracted a magazine clipping from a Mexican version of True Detective which told the sad tale of two Mexican salesmen whose car broke down on the road and who were forced to walk with their suitcases to the next town. On arriving there, they were apprehended by the chief of police who, on examining their suitcases,

found them to be in possession of some 700 pesos. He thereupon accused them of being highwaymen and placed them in jail, from which that night they supposedly escaped. Nothing more was thought of them until three months later when their bodies were found at the spot several miles from the town where the chief of police had killed them for their 700 pesos!

Doña Maria Teresa was expecting me and introduced me to her staff, to Maria the cook and maid, and to the dishwasher. She showed me my room, and took me through the hotel. It had formerly been the residence of Doña Maria's father, and on his death she had converted part of it into a hotel, and retained the rest for her own living quarters. It was like most of the buildings in Tecolotlan, of one huge story with ceilings eighteen-feet high, surrounding a patio, several of the rooms facing the street and opening chest-high



at street level, having great barred windows shuttered on the inside. Girls are courted through these. My room, however, had no window, simply two great doors which were cut at the middle so that one could open the upper part without being exposed to passersby. My bed was a single cot, sans springs, a mattress being placed over rough boards.

There was no dining room, as such. One ate his meals in a porched-over alcove ad-

jacent to the patio. The kitchen was at one side of the patio and a wall at the other—a wall erected when the conversion from family dwelling to hotel had occurred. The kitchen stove consisted of a number of cement objects and apertures in which charcoal and corncoals could be burned, and on which meat could be grilled. There were no facilities for roasting or baking. The ubiquitous Mexican mortar (*metate*) and pestle (*mano*) for grinding corn and chilis, great iron pots and pans, and the long narrow pottery bowl in which a stick was whirled to make delightful Mexican chocolate completed the picture of things immediately seen.

Dishes were not washed in the kitchen. That was done in the patio in a cement bowl placed adjacent to the well from which washing water was extracted. The bathroom was around the corner, in front of the sealed-off animal pens. But it wasn't a bathroom at all. One bathed, if he ever did, from the iron washstand placed in his room, or at the public showers in the electric plant. The *excusado* (which means what its closest English approximation says), was all there was in the bathroom—a formidable cement seat, complete with torn newspaper, a water pitcher with which to flush excretion into the pig pen behind it, and a box into which one deposited soiled paper which was subsequently emptied and burned by the maid. Having seen my living quarters for the next six or eight months, I walked over to the *cantina* for a beer.

The time thereafter went rapidly. My Spanish improved through table chats with the more or less permanent guests at the hotel, Pedro de Salubridad, Alejandro de Forestal, El Teniente Coronel, Martin del Censo. Those were not their last names, of course. They were simply identified by their work: Peter of the Health Service, Alexander of the Forestry Service, and the like. Don Jesus Cervantes, the tax

collector and property assessor, introduced me to his friend El Juez, the combined federal sheriff and justice of the peace. Teodolo Preciado, the enterprising young wholesale grocer and Coca Cola distributor, who was applying American business methods learned through much hard work in Los Angeles, came occasionally for dinner after a long day of working his "territory." Every other day brought new traveling salesmen, and every other week a new prostitute heading for greener pastures to the west.

The foibles and eccentricities of persons are universal. I heard much gossip, none of it malicious. It was just something to talk about. Much of the dinner table conversation with me, however, and the talk in the evening while walking endlessly around the plaza, men in one direction, girls in the other, centered on the relative merits of English and Spanish. There was much interest in the United States and its people, and no little talk of the discriminations practiced against Mexicans there. But they talked of discrimination rather academically, as if the absence of a color line in Mexico made the existence of a color line in the United States rather unreal, and not something that would touch them.

The town's only allopathic physician, a highly intelligent man with obviously mixed Indian-white antecedents, once asked me if he would be discriminated against in the United States. Feeling I knew him well enough to reply honestly, for many times we had sat for hours in the plaza talking, I told him that in certain parts of the United States he might be discriminated against, that he might be refused service in restaurants. In other parts, I told him, he would not find overt discrimination but would be regarded honorably as a gentleman and a physician. He seemed to accept the reply without emotional reaction. The next evening, how-

ever, he gave a party in his home and invited me to attend. After much drinking and gaiety, he approached me and said in the school English he used only when he was slightly intoxicated, "I am a man of color." His tone conveyed a mixture of defiance and hurt feelings. "And you are a better man than I am," I replied.

By and large the people of Tecolotlan viewed the United States with a fondness



bordering on admiration. Those who had worked there often said they would like to return, and the possibility of making more money was seemingly a secondary motivation. It always struck me as strange that these Mexican peasants, many of whom had been subjected to indignities and exploitation in the fields and factories of the United States, were so eager to return to that land. Many, of course, had not suffered, but had profited by their sojourn among us.

There were some overtones of protest against the United States, but they were normally voiced in a minor key, and they were usually followed with equally bland criticisms of Mexican customs or government. El Turco, the barber and American Army veteran, perhaps heard more of these criticisms than I. One highly articu-

late pro-German Sinarquista, who represented a minority in Tecolotlan, commented to the Turk in Spanish after the barber and I had engaged in an English conversation and as I was leaving the Turk's poolroom: "Why don't you say good-bye to your brother?" His reference was to a political cartoon which had depicted North Americans and Latin Americans as brothers. *Omega*, an anti-allied, anti-progressive weekly, published in Mexico City, which headlined Roosevelt's victory over Dewey as "a victory for Judaism," found some circulation in Tecolotlan.

But actions, as always, spoke louder than words. I was an American, and Tecolotlan seemed bent on showing me how well visiting Americans could be treated. Shortly after I arrived, I was invited by Don Carlos and his brother Don Juan to accompany them on "*un dia del campo*" to the ranch of Teniente Coronel (reserve) Ocampo. We hiked along roads and sloping valley trails, amid barren mountains and dry corn patches, until suddenly, at the end of a path, we were confronted with a literal maze of greenness, surrounded by a little settlement of adobe houses. The coronel, peasant veteran of one of the numerous revolutionary armies, in four short years had administered the transformation of a little natural, spring-fed oasis into an irrigated garden of banana palms, lime-orange trees, papaya bushes, and numerous other native fruits and vegetables. Under a pair of great, ancient willows, the coronel, anticipating our visit, had erected a plank table covered with all kinds of fruits and bottles of tequila. We had walked for two hours, and no sooner had we eaten fruit and refreshed ourselves than freshly barbequed and well chilled kid and tortillas were set before us. We rested awhile, bathed nakedly in a mountain-fed stream on the walk back, and completed the day with

more food and drink at Carlos' restaurant. No sooner had I returned to the hotel than I was invited to the home of Teodoro Preciado, the enterprising young grocer, for an "American" meal cooked by his Los Angeles-reared wife. Tecolotlan seems to be having "Be Kind to Americans Week," I thought, but the week stretched to the total time I was there.

The holiday celebrating the birth of Madero is a case in point. Don Salvador Villaseñor, the town's leading citizen whose home and store adjoined that of his son-in-law, Jose Maria Garcia de Alba, Don Carlos' brother, held a private fiesta in his patio early in the afternoon. The strains of *mariachi* music flowing through the doors made me lonely. So I took myself to El Turco's, and together we ascended the hill bounding the town on the east where a plateau stretches to form a playing field.

Two soccer teams representing Tecolotlan were playing against two teams from Guadalajara. We stood watching the performance when the doctor's car rolled up, and out stepped the doctor, Don Carlos, Coronel Ocampo, and several other "leading" citizens, all manifesting symptoms of having celebrated Madero's birthday quite well. After an extremely warm greeting from the group, I helped support the coronel while he yelled, "*Gana Tecolotlan*," every time one of our teams kicked the ball, and unprintable epithets at the opposition. Following the game we enjoyed a rocky, circuitous ride back to the plaza, and continued the celebration in the *cantina*. The then future mayor of the town, certain of his election since he was the candidate of the Party of the Mexican Revolution—and the only candidate—joined us, as did other citizens including Don Chema (Jose Maria). Don Chema proposed a toast to "the brotherhood of the Americas." But the coronel's patriotism was aroused. Mexico must

come first. "Mexico es Mexico," he shouted repetitiously, and I thereupon proposed a toast to Mexico, and sneaked out to get dinner at the hotel. When I returned an hour later, the coronel had been taken home, and the party adjourned to the home of Don Chema for coffee.

Not all the good-neighbor policy in reverse had an alcoholic tinge. There were days, for example, like my birthday, when the major features were simply good food and good fellowship. I had told Maria, the cook, that I was born on Thanksgiving Day, *El Dia de las Gracias*. She, in turn, apparently told Don Jesus Cervantes, who told the judge, the doctor, the dentist, and the mayor of the town. It bothered Maria no end that there was no Spanish equivalent for my name Norman, that there was no Saint Norman, and when I tried to explain that I professed the same religious faith as Roosevelt, Dewey, and Churchill, she became fearful that I might be a Protestant missionary. But my apostasy in no way prevented a birthday celebration in my honor.

The day before my birthday, I paid a visit to the dentist to have my teeth cleaned. He dismissed several patients who were waiting for him, talked with me for an hour about the glories of the state of Sinaloa, about the sources of origin of his equipment—the foot-tredled drill machine from Germany, the dental chair from Japan, some tools from Sweden, and so forth—and then suggested that *mañana* would do just as well for the tooth cleaning. The next day when I arrived in his office I found him dressed in the auto mechanic's coveralls he had worn the day before. Again we talked for an hour before the work began. I think I was the first person in Tecolotlan, and probably the last, to have his teeth cleaned by the dentist.

After the cleaning, for which he re-

fused payment, we adjourned to the office of the judge and tax collector. The judge was busy preparing some *punche granada* (pomegranate punch), a drink he regarded as *muy tipica* of the region. It consisted of some pomegranate seeds, cinnamon, pecans, a dash of brandy, and much tequila. I was soon honored by the appearance of the regular army *teniente coronel*, the *presidente* of the village, and their respective staffs. After a few rounds of the punch, we adjourned to the home of the village president for a *fiesta* in my honor. All this, coming as a surprise, moved me deeply.

After the *fiesta*, I went to the barber shop for a hair cut. I arrived several minutes before the doctor, whom I invited to be served first. As I went to pay El Turco for my own hair cut, he explained it had already been paid for by the doctor. Then Carlos showed up at the Turk's, and we played several games of pool. Again when I asked to pay the bill it was already *pagado*.

There were many other evidences of south-of-the-border hospitality. There were a number of invitations to *pozole* (hominy, pork, and chili boiled together) dinners, and to Sunday get-togethers with *punche* and *chicharones* (fried pork fat appetizers). Once I looked two days for a roasting chicken and finally asked my friend Teodolo, the grocer, where I could buy one. His wife had some, he said. Why not kill one of hers and roast it at his house? So we did. I never felt that hospitality meant an equal repayment as it so frequently does in the northern United States. I worried a little about it, however, and one day Teodolo, seeming to sense my thought, said to me, "Norm, don't think that people expect repayment for courtesies they show you. We do things like that because we like to do them."

The dentist was more interested in auto

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mechanics than in dental practice. I went to see him one day and he showed me his automobiles. He had two Studebakers, one a 1932 touring car and the other a 1936 sedan. He offered to take me for a spin in the older model, and I assumed we would simply drive to Carlos' restaurant and back. We went down the main street with much noise and with horses rearing up as we passed. We stopped briefly to get air in a tire which looked as if it would blow out at any moment, and then thundered down the highway for ten kilometers to the settlement known as Ojo de Agua (Eye of Water) where Arturo Arrias, the town intellectual, had his ranch.

The ranch is now quite small, and much of what was formerly a large hacienda is in ruins. There is water there, and



at one time quite a bit of sugar cane was grown. But an earthquake knocked down the *portales* in front of the hacienda, and the mill was destroyed during the revolution. For a long time the property was in the hands of a bank. During the Cardenas regime an *ejido* was formed, a federal school was erected, and today the place is owned by the *agrastas*, who formerly were *peones* on the hacienda. Don Arturo, intellectual that he is, bears no ill-will toward the present occupants.

I looked around Ojo de Agua on another occasion, too. This time a smallpox epidemic was the immediate cause of my

visit. An epidemic was sweeping through small towns of western Jalisco, and a vaccinating crew from the state department of health and welfare made its headquarters in Tecolotlan. From there it moved into towns adjacent and vaccinated everyone in sight. The crew consisted of several registered nurses, and some men who apparently obtained their jobs through political connections. A girl of eighteen had died in the village of Tamazulas, and that town was our ultimate destination. Tamazulas, however, was connected with the outer world only by a trail, and its nearest point to the Autlan-Guadalajara highway was at Ojo de Agua. I agreed to meet the vaccinating crew there.

When I arrived by bus at Ojo de Agua, I was met by the two men teachers of the federal school. The *enfermeras* (nurses) had not yet arrived, and the *maestros* asked me to watch their work in the school until the nurses came. I sat in a tiny seat in a classroom, and the teachers had the students read and sing for me. It was a federal rural school, to which some eighty children of *ejiditarios* go for not more than three years. The teachers, both single men, were proud of their school and were themselves building an addition to it in their after-school hours. Unlike the dominant economic group in Tecolotlan, who regarded government as an unwelcome force imposed from without, the teachers were imbued with the vision of a socialist Mexico through education. The *enfermeras* arrived in mid-morning and began vaccinating everyone within reach. I anticipated some opposition to the program, perhaps on magical or other supernatural grounds, but there was none at all.

The presidente of Tamazulas arrived *al caballo*, and the four of us hiked two kilometers over the *cerro* to the hidden village of Tamazulas. The place lay in a river valley surrounded by green patches of sugar cane. After a lunch of eggs and

soda pop (made in Tecolotlan and carried by burro into Tamazulas), at the home of the *presidente*, we adjourned to the school house and proceeded with the work. Mothers brought children of all ages and sizes. Often mothers would tell the children to have no fear, and then themselves be afraid when they were vaccinated. A girl of fourteen became slightly hysterical as she was about to be vaccinated, crying out, "No me pica." But they "picked" her just the same. We left the school and walked slowly through the streets, stopping while women hurried toward us with babies to be vaccinated. Then over the hill to Ojo de Agua and home.

Mexican culture is of changing moods. It is gay and cheerful and it is violent. Its gaiety may be seen in the serenata, that colorful custom whereby boy meets girl—or at least they flirt with each other. Every Sunday night, girls walk arm in arm in one direction and boys in the other around the plaza. Boys give flowers to those girls they like, and on the next round receive them in return. Girls, however, may be the aggressors. If on the return round one does not receive posies, he may demand payment. The judge, who is fifty-five and has grandchildren, walked with me one night for a few rounds while I bestowed my favors and—strangely—despite my thirty-three years and developed jowls, received some in return.

But there is also violence in the culture. For several weeks there were no lights in town save for a few around the plaza. The generator in the charcoal-burning electric light plant burned out and could not be replaced. A smaller generator was used on Sunday nights to exhibit the movie in the one-time cockpit which served as a theatre. After the show people walked home

through the darkened streets. A drunken bully, a man who according to report had delighted to act as "trigger man" during the stormy days of the Cristero Revolution, lurched up to a couple and supposedly made a lewd remark to the woman. Her husband thereupon pulled a machete from his belt and chopped his opponent to death with the weapon. Nobody said much about it. Those who talked said that the murdered man was better off dead. I asked the judge when I saw him if the criminal had been apprehended. "Oh, no," he replied. "Where is the criminal?" I asked. "Se fue—he is gone," he said simply. That, apparently, was that.

My stay in Mexico was unexpectedly cut short and my study of the Mexican Middletown necessarily delayed. But I know that when I return to Tecolotlan I will be greeted with open arms, and that the friendships established will continue and will enlarge. Now whenever I see a Mexican peasant walking the streets of an American city or toiling in the fields of an American farm, I want to go up to him, shake his hand, and shout, "Viva Mexico y viva los Estados Unidos los naciones hermanos." But one can't do that sort of thing in a civilized country.

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Miné Okubo is the illustrator.

LITTLE GIRL

RAYMOND FORER

MAMA was a chubby little woman with a Rabelaisian sense of humor. We called Mama "kid," and "baby." I liked to call her "little girl." We often sat around and just talked to her because she was fun. Papa is a good guy, but Mama's strong character made our home a matriarchy.

Now that she is dead, I have sought back for little things, little things that made us love her even as children when we asked "What are clouds?" and Mama answered, "The clouds are feet of angels walking in the sky." Or when ill I reached out and tried to catch a sunbeam lying across my bed, and she said, "The sunbeam is a Chinese girl. See, Raymond, she twinkles with laughter as she runs across your hand."

I remember that one of her boys—there were three of us—came running home, shouting, "I saw a big nigger and I threw a stone at him." Mama took him to the window and asked, "Do you remember the snow you saw when it was winter? How white it was and how it covered everything? It came from heaven and it lay over all things, and you said, 'The world is white; there's nothing but snow.' And, then, as you looked through this same window when spring began to creep in, you saw patches of brown earth like small hands reaching up to God also, and the ground was no longer white. Did God make only the white snow? Did He not make the brown earth also, son?"

Once, when I was older, she told me of a Chinese poet who had been laughed at, for he was not a white man. And the

poet had written, "Whiter than white is the leper."

"Men are men," Mama told us, "for the qualities you find in them. Don't judge others by your failings. Find in each man his worth, and judge him by that worth."

She raised her boys to fight, saying we were too poor not to and too proud to turn our backs. Once Adolph came running home crying because a bully, bigger than he, had picked on him. Mama sent me out to fight for my younger brother, and if I had been licked, she would have sent Morris, and if Morris had been beaten, I fear the "little girl" would have torn the bully limb from limb herself. I licked the big guy to protect him from Mama's wrath.

Morris, the eldest, was a scholar and Mama's pride. I was a bit of a problem, always getting into school trouble. Adolph was the baby of the family; a smile, and he usually had his way. We were all different.

Mama once said, "As children, Morris was beautiful, Adolph was handsome—and Raymond, you, well you were cute."

We all laughed. I was far from cute.

Mama, after Adolf Hitler came into power, said that if she had had prescience she would never have named her youngest son Adolph, but, typically, she added, "If there's any name changing, the big noise can change his first as well as his last name. My Adolph is my Adolph."

Mama told us of her courtship. "I saw your father, immediately fell in love with

COMMON GROUND

him—and he didn't have a chance. He was handsome."

"Poor Papa," I said.

Mama laughed. "He was lucky that I got him."

Papa looked up from his *Morning Journal*, shook his head at such levity, then smiled. Papa is a good guy.

The depression hit us hard. We were broke. Morris won a scholarship to Rutgers University, went on to Harvard. Mama cancelled her insurance policy and sent Morris the money. Mama became ill.

It was a year later that we discovered she had duodenal cancer.

For her first operation, Mama was given a sixty-forty chance to live. It was close to the end of Morris' last year at Harvard, and she didn't want anything to keep him from graduating. She wrote about fifty letters to him and made us promise not to write him the truth and to send off the letters during the weeks she was too ill to write.

I went with the stretcher to the operating room, Mama laughing and telling me jokes which would have shocked Papa, who is a bit of a Puritan. I waited two and a half hours while they operated on her. Both Adolph and I gave her blood transfusions. She said later that she had given us life and we had returned the favor. "I'm glad," she said, "that I gave you good blood in the first place. It's worth thinking of the future."

When she came out of the anesthetic, I asked her how she felt. "This ain't exactly peaches and cream," Mama said, smiling at me. "Tell Papa I'm all right."

Papa was standing in the hall with Adolph and my Aunt Leah. "She's okay," I said. We went out and borrowed more money to pay for the hospital bills.

It was the first of twenty-five operations she was to have.

She lived almost five years.

The doctors liked to joke with her. One

used to pick her up in his arms and carry her over to the examining table. Once, after an operation, they screened her in as they do the dying. Mama looked at her doctor and said, "I'm not ready to die yet. I'll give odds I live." When they removed the screens, Mama said, "Well?"

Morris was graduated and went to work with a government agency as an attorney. We were all working, paying off our debts, making things a little easier for her. Mama was content to sit on the front porch, take short walks with her sons.

Morris came home with his bride, Lois. Mama said, "I've always wanted a daughter." She told us, "Lois will love me as a daughter because Morris loves me as a son." She was very happy at their wedding. She wanted Adolph and me to marry.

The cancer ate its way.

Morris was in Washington. Papa, Adolph, and I were at home. Mama became bed-ridden. The doctors told us that it was hopeless. I would hurry home from work, sit at Mama's bedside, listen to her stories of her children, listen to her jokes. We had a lot of fun talking.

I shall never forget one day. We were all sitting about Mama's bed. We were her grown children now. Papa was holding her hand. Mama was never didactic, but suddenly, seriously, she said, "You are my children. You are Jewish children. There is more to this our life than righteousness versus evil, for as Jews we—now you, my children—are judged not as individuals, not even as the sons of your parents, not each for himself. In everything you do you will be judged as Jews. Your father and I have raised you to see clearly, and to judge for yourselves. Never let the hate of the world turned against you turn you from the way you feel is right: never fear the righteous act." And then she laughed and told us a slightly off-color joke, shocking Papa.

SHEM

The pain grew within her, and one day the doctor said, "She has only twenty-four hours to live." Somehow Mama knew. Morris and Lois had gone on a trip to Canada. They were to get home in a week. Mama called me to her, said, "Don't send for them. I shall see them before I die. Let them enjoy their vacation."

Morris and Lois arrived a week later. Mama saw them and was happy. I told her son and daughter she didn't have long to live. Lois told Mama of the child she was bearing. Mama was overjoyed but she told them, "I shall not see my grandchild. He shall bear my name." For orthodox Jews name their children for their loved dead.

She died in my arms two days later. I have never seen such pain as was written on her face by cancer and death. Those who say the dying find peace and comfort in death, the great release, have not held those they love in their arms at death.

The pain which had possessed her whole being for five years stayed with her and was still in her shrunk face as she lay in the coffin. Her last words were, "Wake Adolph up so he won't be late for work."

Morris' and Lois' child is named for her. In Hebrew, Mama's name was the word for joy, happiness. And if her grandson can laugh at pain and tolerate happiness as the "little girl," laugh and see the world as sunbeams and clouds, my nephew, Simcha Gidalya—Stuart Jeffrey—will be a man worthy of his grandmother.

Raymond Forer was recently discharged from the armed services after 27 months overseas. He was Public Relations NCO for the Fifth Air Force Service Command during that period and is the author of the "History of the Fifth Air Force Service Command in New Guinea." He was also a Field Correspondent for Yank magazine.

SHEM

GARNET OWEN

SHEM would diaper the baby if I would play cowboys and Indians afterward. It was only fair. And, to be honest about the whole thing, I felt vibrantly powerful myself when I gripped the cap pistol and rather wishy-washy when I gave the bottle to that fat-cheeked doll.

We were six and aburst with the importance of living.

Shem was proud of his papa's big store downtown, and his mama's big backyard across the street. I would sit quietly on the

front porch steps listening while he talked about them. But I could spell before he could, and I beat him through the primer.

"Pooh!" said Shem. "Maybe you can read faster than me, but you can't spit as far."

Grandma did not know that Shem and I were in love. In summertime when hot afternoons would bring out a storm cloud in a hurry, she would call us from where we were lying flat on our stomachs under the cool vines of the side porch.

"Hurry up. It's about to pour down. You'd better run home before it starts, Shem child."

Shem would crawl out with a grunt, lip hanging.

Then Shem had a birthday and his papa gave him a pair of knee-knocking rubber boots. After that no rain cloud found Shem unprepared. With rain-coat over arm and shiny boots in hand, he would come tramping over every afternoon, just daring it to pour down.

When I was seven, it was a glorious and solemn day. Mother rolled my hair up in stocking rags the night before and invited thirty Sunday School children to my party.

"What about Shem?" Grandma wanted to know. "He goes to the synagogue, you know."

"Well, I think it's better just to have the children from our own church this time," my mother said. "Besides, she plays with Shem every day."

"Yes," said I, "Shem's always around."

It was exciting. The children came dressed in their bright ribbon bows and clean white shoes, and I received them with my soft curls swinging proudly.

When we all ran out to play before time for the real part of the party, I couldn't keep from looking across the street. There was Shem sitting on his own steps rubbing his boots.

"Let's go out back and play in Mrs. Hancher's field," I suggested.

They flocked with me through the big old gate opening from our back lot into the grassy space of the field. Daisy heads swished around our legs as we ran and jumped and hollered for joy. But I felt funny inside as if my stomach were upside down. No amount of running and chasing and laughing could rid me of the tightness. After a while I heard Grandma calling from the back porch. It was time for

the party part of the party. There would be a big white cake in the middle of the table and atop the cake seven pink candles. Great saucers with mounds of spongy ice cream would be waiting.

"Come on, you all, it's time to go in," I called sorrowfully.

The children yelled and leaped across the field to the gate and I walked slowly after them. I set my feet deliberately upon the daisy heads.

Suddenly there was a small noise nearby, and I raised my chin from where it had been hanging against the hollow of my throat.

There was Shem sitting on a fence post twirling his lasso rope.

"Hi!" My voice swooped up.

Shem did not hear me. He hooked one leg around the post and went on twirling his lasso.

"Hi, Shem." This time it was faint and humble.

Shem glanced down from his perch.

"Oh, hello."

I wanted Shem to slide down from that silly post. More than anything in the world I wanted Shem to come down.

"I'm going in the house," I said.

"You better run fast. The others'll beat you and eat up everything."

"They will not."

"Will too."

"Will not!"

Tears sprang in my lids.

"Where'd you get them frizzes?" said Shem.

"They're not frizzes!" I stamped my foot in fury. "They're curls!"

"Hunh," said Shem.

"Don't you like 'em?"

"Pooh," said Shem.

"You're mean," I wailed. "I was going to ask you to my party . . . and now I won't either."

"I bet it'll be a silly party."

SHEM

"It will not! It will be a beautiful party . . . with ice cream and cake and candles and everything."

"Pooh," said Shem.

"Shem," I said, "Shem, I meant to ask you to my party."

Shem was watching two birds on a tree branch.

"Please come on, Shem. I'll ask Mother to cut you the biggest piece of cake."

He could not take his eyes off the little birds on the branch.

"I'll ask Grandma to fill your ice cream saucer the fullest."

"Pooh," said Shem.

"I'll let you help me blow out the candles, too. Honest I will."

"Hunh?"

"I said you can help me blow the candles out."

"No, I ain't."

"Please, Shem, please."

"No . . . unless I can blow out all the candles."

I looked at him and gulped.

"You can blow out every single one," I said softly.

Then, like a prince in velvet and spurs, Shem descended and sauntered through the gate at my side.

Grandma was standing on the back porch waiting. Her brows went up in two funny peaks, but all she said was, "If you don't hurry up the cream will melt away."

The dining room was full of sweet essences from cut flowers, and in the center of a snowy cloth stood the majestic white cake wearing its wreath of candles like a pink fairy crown. My guests stood around the big table, holding glass dishes heaped with pink and white ice cream. Their eyes swam with delight at what they held and with wonder at the sight of the little boy in the cowboy shirt.

My introductions were brief.

"Listen, you all, this is Shem."

He eyed them casually and dug into his mountain of cream with a free firm hand.

"Don't you like my curls a little bit?" I whispered while we ate.

"They ain't bad," said Shem.

My heart pounded.

When it came time to blow out the candles, my mother said, "All right, Mimsy, blow hard."

I reached for Shem's hand and pulled him closer to the table.

"Mimsy, hurry dear. The wax is running down the cake."

I squeezed the dark-eyed boy's fingers.

"Shem will blow them," I said.

Garnet Owen has had a varied experience in teaching and social work, in libraries and on newspapers. Born a Virginian, she now lives in California.

HERE'S HOW TO DO IT

SATURDAY NIGHTS: AMERICANS MEET AMERICANS

MARIE SETON

IT BEGAN about a year ago when Gerald Bullock, a Negro interior decorator, was recommended to decorate our apartment. While the decorating was in progress, my husband and Mr. Bullock started a discussion as to the various attitudes regarding race relations. They agreed that one of the greatest impediments in the way of wiping out prejudice is that white and Negro people too seldom get to know each other as individuals who share a common social life.

Meanwhile, among the paint pots, I prepared supper, and the two men talked until 2 a.m., by which time an idea had been born—Saturday nights when Americans could meet Americans of different colors just for the pleasure of a social evening.

The idea of parties as a conscious antidote to prejudice was merely the utilization of the natural inclination of Gerald Bullock and his wife and my husband and myself—four people who did not subscribe to the color bar in making friends and who had in the past tabooed segregation in social relations. None of us had found it awkward or uncongenial to invite to our homes at the same time people of similar interests and education, whether they were black or white or yellow. But we had never before seen our personal inclination as a contribution or method in improving race relations or fighting prejudice.

Subsequently, the first Saturday night party took place at our apartment. The Bullocks invited several white and colored

people they knew, and we did likewise. There were about twelve persons excluding ourselves. Some had been in interracial gatherings before; some had not. Those who had had no experience of interracial social intercourse were treated by the Bullocks and ourselves as if they had, though some unspoken but definite effort was made to make them feel at home. Apparently, if they had any feeling of "oddness" when they arrived, the feeling passed and they were soon talking as people do at any party about their various interests: sharing and exchanging experiences about their work, ambitions, and general views on life. Half way through the evening, coffee, sandwiches, and cakes were served. The party was a success as parties go, and it was obvious that a repetition of the experiment was indicated.

Two Saturday nights later, the second party was arranged at the apartment of a Negro school teacher, a friend of the Bullocks, who had come to the first gathering and enjoyed herself. The Bullocks, ourselves, and the teacher asked the same persons and a few more. Among the new people were a young Japanese American couple, the wife a painter and the husband a student at the University of Chicago, and a Negro construction engineer and his wife. If I remember rightly, the tenor of conversation this evening was rather more serious than on the first. This was probably due to the fact that most of the people knew something about each other by now. Anyway, a good deal of the

SATURDAY NIGHTS: AMERICANS MEET AMERICANS

time was spent in an animated discussion on comparative religions. This came about because the young Japanese Americans were Buddhists, while the construction engineer was a member of the Ba'hai sect. At the end of the evening telephone numbers were exchanged and the third party planned at the home of the engineer.

By the third party, the number of people, both white and colored, had increased considerably. With the increase it was necessary for Mary Bullock and me to help the hostess, who was not acquainted with everyone, see that people met each other and no one was left out in the cold. Among the guests this time was a man from Nigeria, as well as a second Japanese American artist who is extremely well informed about both Japanese and Chinese art and customs. Because of the cross-section of people informed as to differing culture patterns, much of the conversation was of a comparative and analytical character. The interesting and enriching aspect of the evening, for white and colored alike, was that it opened up new vistas of human activity which revealed that, when differences in customs are scraped away, the basis of almost all thought pattern is rooted in humanity's common sense. Following this party, it was realized that the only important group not represented up to this point was the Jewish.

Since there is in Chicago the problem of anti-Semitism among Negroes and anti-Negroism among Jews, I made it a point to invite a number of Jewish people to the fourth party which returned to our apartment. Some I knew well and some but slightly; but none of the persons I asked had previously been a part of any interracial group. Someone else added a Latin American student and a professor of law.

This was the first large party, prob-

ably thirty-eight or forty people just about equally divided between white and colored. Because there were a good many new people as well as so many "repeats," both Gerald and my husband opened a general conversation about human relations. One of the new persons said she had previously considered "mixing" no way to solve the problem of race relations, but now she had an idea that perhaps it was a very good way. She didn't know much about the race problem, but she would be very pleased to have a party in her home.

Her offer was accepted by everyone, and thus the fifth party broke out of the founding circle and spread to the North Side of Chicago into an orthodox Jewish community where, so far as we know, no interracial gathering had ever taken place. This, therefore, was a testing ground for the party idea. Would it be accepted or objected to by the neighbors? It was found to be perfectly acceptable—an interesting fact considering that Negroes were equal in numbers to the white, the party comprising about fifty people—Jews, Buddhists, Catholics, Protestants, black, white, and yellow.

From this party on the North Side, a new chain of parties has now developed and become a regular thing. The idea began to travel into all the areas of Chicago, and, as on the North Side, new regular groups have been formed in Oak Park and in La Grange. The original party group continues on its circuit, too, with an ever increasing number of people enjoying the idea.

Though there has never been the least "preparation" of a neighborhood, or of neighbors in an apartment house, no objection has ever been voiced by anyone. Perhaps the kind of people who have caught this party habit defy criticism in that they are not the noisy kind, and even though many of them are quite

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young they are not rowdy. The only persons—a young secretary and a woman who had suddenly found a “cause”—who showed a tendency to want to exhibit their interracialism in a rather aggressive manner were frankly told that exhibitionism was not acceptable and that they must calm down. Everyone, I think, is aware, though it has never been made a matter of discussion, that the party habit would end in failure and become an objectionable and destructive pastime if faddists and sensationalists were encouraged.

Now as to the method of inviting people and the responsibility of carrying on this venture, which has no organization and no treasury. During each party, as I indicated before, it is decided by someone that he would like to be responsible for the next party, the responsibility amounting to the offer of his home and the furnishing of whatever kind of refreshment he thinks suitable or he can afford. The address is then announced, usually by the present host or hostess, the date given—two weeks hence on Saturday night—and everyone is invited to come again and bring or suggest someone who would enjoy it. Occasionally the party changes its usual procedure and becomes a theatre party, a party at Ravinia for the Music Festival, or a picnic.

It is difficult to reduce to a formula the way the venture and its three regular offshoot groups have been organized. Perhaps its success is due to its lack of organization and the fact that its social character has not changed to that of a pressure or one-opinion group. An effort has been made to invite congenial people, people who are not dull wall flowers

nor overbearing monopolists. The race question has not been the dominant theme. If there is a dominant idea at all, it is the exchange of ideas. I would say that any persons or group of people, whether black or white, who honestly have lost the self-consciousness and inhibitions produced by racial prejudice and who have any contact with “the other race” in a friendly way, could attempt to form the party habit. Naturalness and being a good mixer in the ordinary social sense is the key to making it go. I would say, however, that there are some persons who should be avoided, white folks who know, or would like to know, colored people, but who do not like their other friends to know about it. For healthy growth, the party venture must be open and above board and acceptable to any community because the people involved are acceptable.

English-born, Marie Seton was special European theatre and film critic for the U.S. Theatre Arts Monthly, the Manchester Guardian, and other papers. She came to the United States in 1938 on a special assignment for the Manchester Guardian and the London Times. Later she produced independently in Hollywood the Mexican film *Time in the Sun*. A lecture tour followed. She married in Chicago in 1941 and became an American citizen in 1944. “At the time I took out my naturalization papers,” she writes, “the blot of racism was a very serious question for me. It seemed to me that in becoming an American there was a personal obligation upon me to do all in my power to support better race relations.”

PITTSBURGH'S NATIONALITY ROOMS

MARGERY E. GULBRANSEN AND
MARIAN MOWATT

THE SWEDISH American woman had brought a gift of flowers. The stout merchant of German descent carried a golden key, the Scottish American a hand-tooled book. The Russian American had his country's traditional bread and salt—for both giver and receiver of that simple token are blessed.

These were the symbols presented to Chancellor John G. Bowman on the night in 1938 when the first four of the University of Pittsburgh's Nationality classrooms were officially dedicated. Today there are seventeen rooms, with the dedication of the latest scheduled for this winter and at least two others planned for the future.

An attempt to honor the many national backgrounds represented in Pittsburgh's heterogeneous population, they constitute a project unique among American universities. And they are no lifeless tribute to dead arts and cultures—no cloistered treasure for University students alone.

A lonely, twelve-year-old Chinese American boy was the despair of his teacher and the butt of his classmates' jokes. He had his first genuine triumph on the day he found courage to rise before all the strange Caucasians and tell them of the China Memorial Room he had just visited. Somehow the magnificence of red lacquer walls, of alberene stone carved with China's age-old plum blossoms, of the great slate panel of Confucius, had touched the youngster.

There was the bent woman in a black shawl who came to the University's doors

shortly after the invasion of Poland. In English so broken she could hardly be understood, she asked to see the Polish Room. There, by the cornerstone brought from the oldest university building in her ancient, troubled land, she knelt and whispered softly, "My Cracow, my Cracow." Though Poland itself might be overrun, she had found a shrine.

It was back in the pre-depression days of the 1920s when Chancellor Bowman and Ruth Crawford Mitchell, later appointed Adviser to the Nationality Rooms, noticed that the character of the University rolls was changing. No longer did traditional "American" names predominate.

Matteotti, Antonoplos, Horvath, Podolsky were invading the Scotch-Irish world of Western Pennsylvania—and invading its largest University as well. These young second-generation Americans obviously needed an honest appreciation of their neighbors of many different backgrounds, and an unashamed pride in what the people of their own background had contributed to art and learning. How better accomplish this than through a series of classrooms, each designed to commemorate the outstanding men and achievements of a particular "foreign" country?

There was ample space in the new Cathedral of Learning, but furnishing classrooms in such a style as was dreamed of would be a costly venture for any University. Besides, would not the different nationality groups in the student body and

in the city as a whole feel a keener interest if they themselves were a part of the project?

It was decided that nationality committees—Polish, Yugoslav, Romanian, French, and all the rest—would be formed in the community. Each committee would raise the money needed to furnish its own classroom. With the advice of the University and of Mrs. Mitchell, each committee would also engage the necessary artists, approve plans, obtain gifts, and so on.

The story of the project as a whole is not only a tale of national pride expressed in widely varying ways: of Yugoslav cakes and Syrian ceremonial coffee; of a Lithuanian workman from a Pittsburgh steel mill saying, "I will wear this old coat of mine another year so that I may give you money in honor of Lithuania"; of the Hungarian Ministry of Education sponsoring a competition for a room design among the most famous architects of the Magyars. It is also a story of co-operation between different cultural groups: of the Royal Order of Scottish Clans teaching their friends of a half dozen accents to clasp hands and sing "Auld Lang Syne"; of Polish Americans insisting that the other groups must join them in one of their vigorous national dances; of Italian Americans presenting for the whole community a Christmas play inspired by Giotto's Padova frescoes.

It is even a story of adventure and of mysteries still unsolved: of the gold seals of Czechoslovakia's two great Universities arriving at the Chancellor's office in the middle of the war without signature or explanation; of Pentelic marble unloading at New York in 1940 just one week before Italy closed the Mediterranean to American shipping; of artists who came to Pittsburgh and later disappeared into Europe's tragic maelstrom not to be heard from again.

Not the least fascinating aspect of the saga of the rooms is the fact that the story of each individual room is different from that of any other.

The Chinese National Government, on the petition of University students who wrote to Dr. C. C. Wu, then Chinese minister to Washington, granted an appropriation in gold for a room inspired by a magnificent palace hall in the Forbidden City.

On the other hand, the German Classroom, inspired by the Great Aula at the University of Heidelberg, was planned and financed almost entirely by German Americans of Pennsylvania. With great efficiency they raised the necessary funds in a single year and in the end oversubscribed their quota. Their room commemorates in exquisite intarsia Siegfried and the Lorelei; but also Parsifal, the Christian knight. It remembers Bach, Brahms, Beethoven, von Humboldt, Koch, and von Siemens, Dürer and Holbein, and Heine. The Anschluss took place the year the room was opened, but on its walls were painted in gold Goethe's famous lines,

*Great mastery results from wise
restraint*

*And law alone points out the
way to liberty.*

The nickels and dimes of Lithuanian working people in all parts of the United States furnished the room which honors their tiny country. Card parties, dances, lectures, picnics—all brought in a share of the money. A competition sponsored by the Lithuanian Ministry of Affairs produced the classroom design by a young Lithuanian artist of Kaunas, and from among the fine old textiles of the museum at Kaunas was chosen "The Path of the Birds" linen which upholsters the walls. One of the gifts on the day of dedication was a copy of the Elementorius A is B, a

PITTSBURGH'S NATIONALITY ROOMS

primer once smuggled into Lithuania so that mothers might teach their children the forbidden national language.

While workers' savings paid for the Lithuanian—as well as other classrooms—the interest of a Queen, Marie, was enlisted for the Romanian Room. The University had few Romanian students, the city few citizens of Romanian birth, and a bank failure intervened so that the work went slowly. After sixteen years of effort, the room was at last opened in 1943, rich with the icons, mosaic, draperies, and other art objects brought from the Romanian Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. Priests of the Byzantine Greek Catholic and Eastern Orthodox Churches in colorful pontifical robes helped to dedicate it.

A crowd of 2,000 heard Homer's lines, *O Goddess, sing the wrath of Peleus' son*, at the dedication of the marble pilastered Greek Room. The exiled Greek Foreign Minister sat in the first row of the huge audience, and just behind him was the owner of a local restaurant, in starched white shirt front, equally proud. The classroom was the gift of famous men, but also of Greek Americans who had never heard of the Social Register, and who, with typical American spirit, wouldn't have been impressed if they had.

Articles in Arabic script published in Syrian newspapers throughout the United States helped to create interest in a Syria-Lebanon Room. Conventions of the various Federations of Syrian Clubs became convinced that their ancient country should be represented. It is represented today—by the two-hundred-year-old library of a wealthy Damascus merchant, the whole room having been brought intact from the Near East to be sold by a New York art dealer to the Committee. Freshman students now hold their orientation teas in this tiny, ornate “jewel-box” with its multi-colored “gesso” walls, its

striped satin cushions, and antique brass coffee tray.

The list of nationalities represented by rooms today includes Swedish, German, Scottish, Russian, Early American, Chinese, Czechoslovak, French, Romanian, Hungarian, Italian, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Polish, Greek, Syria-Lebanon, Yugoslav. English and Irish Classrooms are planned, with perhaps others in the future.

Nor have the various committees relinquished their interest with the formal presentation of the classrooms to the University. Allegheny County Swedish Americans hold an annual Christmas *Smörgåsbord* under the calm eyes of the amusing 18th century powdered-wig-and-sword version of the Three Wise Men who march across their classroom walls. “*L'Alliance Française*” meets in the gray, blue, and gold of Imperial France. Other groups return for similar functions.

Thousands of visitors, in no way connected with the committees, also come to the rooms each year. Parents of University students, school children, local citizens, tourists, world-famous guests—all help to make up the long list. The little woman of Polish descent kneeling on the fragment of stone from old Cracow was not unique. During the war men and women of all nationality backgrounds have come to find a peaceful reminder of their ravaged homelands.

The greatest value of the project, however, was always intended to be its influence upon the University students themselves.

A determined effort is made to keep that influence real. The rooms are used daily as classrooms by hundreds of young people—from freshmen to graduate students. Each is given handsomely illustrated pamphlets telling the story of the particular rooms where his classes happen to meet. Eager volunteers enroll for a

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special course to become hostesses on the tours of the classrooms conducted for guests hourly every weekday afternoon. But tours do not interfere with classes—the rooms were not meant to be museum pieces.

Contrary to all dire predictions, the rooms have never been defaced. The Swedish Room, opened nearly eight years ago, is as fresh and unmarred as its sister Norwegian Room opened last autumn. It was the belief of Chancellor Bowman that students recognize and respect beauty when it is presented to them.

There remains the question of whether or not the rooms have actively fostered intergroup understanding and acceptance. This obviously cannot be measured by a yard stick. Yet it seems not irrelevant that Pitt has never organized formal and self-conscious “intercultural clubs” but that the lists of almost all student organizations include the names of Jews, Protestants, Catholics, young people of Italian, Russian, Czech, Negro, Irish and other descent. The president of a leading senior activities honor society for women is a Negro girl; a Negro boy is a member of a similar men’s society. And this in a community which a local member of the Urban League calls with some bitterness, “a northern city with a southern exposure.”

Jan Masaryk, dedicating the Czechoslovak shrine to his famous father, said,

“How proud I was to walk into this Cathedral of Learning where I have seen rooms belonging to many nations and where I saw proud American children of parentage of these countries imbibing the free unbiased truth of learning. I’m going to pray God tonight that Europe will some day be like that.”

A more ingenuous tribute was given by a Polish American student at the University. Assigned an investigative theme by his Professor of English, he chose as his subject the clan symbols in the carved frieze of the Scottish Room.

“But why,” asked the professor, “do you choose such a subject?”

“Well”—the boy’s face puckered thoughtfully—“I had a class in that Scottish Room. For a whole year I sat there looking at that motto above the blackboard: ‘Gif ye did as ye sould ye might haif as ye would.’ My people don’t say things like that. I want to know something about people who do!”

The symbols of the MacIntyres, the Camerons, and MacGregors are still quick with life. So, too, are the symbols of their fellow Americans—blue-eyed, brown-eyed, almond-eyed.

Margery E. Gulbransen and Dr. Marian Mowatt collaborated on another article in the Autumn 1945 issue of COMMON GROUND.

THE HOMECOMING

FRANK YERBY

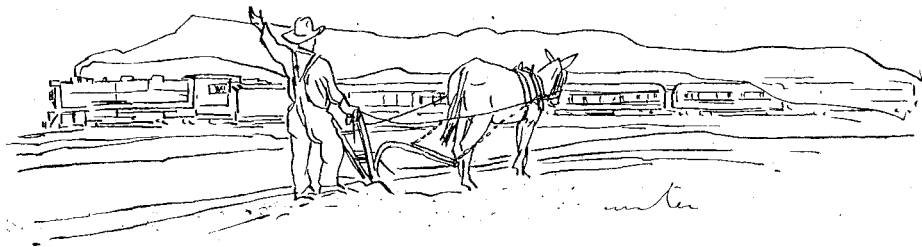
THE TRAIN stretched itself out long and low against the tracks and ran very fast and smooth. The drive rods flashed out of the big pistons like blades of light, and the huge counter-weighted wheels were blurred solid with the speed. Out of the throat of the stack, the white smoke blasted up in stiff hard pants, straight up for a yard; then the backward rushing mass of air caught it, trailing it out over the cars like a veil.

In the Jim Crow coach, just back of the mail car, Sergeant Willie Jackson pushed the window up a notch higher. The heat came blasting in the window in solid waves, bringing the dust with it, and the cinders. Willie mopped his face with his handkerchief. It came away stained with the dust and sweat.

"Damn," he said without heat, and looked out at the parched fields that were

The train was bending itself around a curve, and the soft, long, lost, lonesome wail of the whistle cried out twice. Willie stirred in his seat, watching the cabins with the whitewash peeling off spinning backward past the train, lost in the immensity of sun-blasted fields under a pale, yellowish white sky, the blue washed out by the sun swath, and no cloud showing.

Up ahead, the water tower was rushing toward the train. Willie grinned. He had played under that tower as a boy. Water was always leaking out of it, enough water to cool a hard, skinny, little black body even in the heat of summer. The creek was off somewhere to the south, green and clear under the willows, making a little laughing sound over the rocks. He could see the trees that hid it now, the lone clump standing up abruptly in the brown and naked expanse of the fields.



spinning backward past his window. Up on the edge of the skyline, a man stopped his plowing to wave at the passing train.

"How come we always do that?" Willie speculated idly. "Don't know a soul on this train—not a soul—but he got to wave. Oh, well . . ."

Now the houses began to thicken, separated by only a few hundred yards instead of by miles. The train slowed, snorting tiredly into another curve. Across the diagonal of the bend, Willie could see the town, all of it—a few dozen buildings clustered around the Confederate Monu-

ment, bisected by a single paved street. The heat was pushing down on it like a gigantic hand, flattening it against the rust-brown earth.

Now the train was grinding to a stop. Willie swung down from the car, carefully keeping his left leg off the ground, taking the weight on his right. Nobody else got off the train.

The heat struck him in the face like a physical blow. The sunlight brought great drops of sweat out on his forehead, making his black face glisten. He stood there in the full glare, the light pointing up the little strips of colored ribbon on his tunic. One of them was purple, with two white ends. Then there was a yellow one with thin red, white, and blue stripes in the middle and red and white stripes near the two ends. Another was red with three white stripes near the ends. Willie wore his collar loose, and his uniform was faded, but he still stood erect with his chest out and his belly sucked in.

He started across the street toward the Monument, throwing one leg a little stiffly. The white men who always sat around it on the little iron benches looked at him curiously. He came on until he stood in the shadow of the shaft. He looked up at the statue of the Confederate soldier, complete with knapsack and holding the musket with the little needle type bayonet ready for the charge. At the foot of the shaft there was an inscription carved in stone. Willie spelled out the words:

"No nation rose so white and pure; none fell so free of stain."

He stood there, letting the words sink into his brain.

One of the tall loungers took a sliver of wood out of his mouth and grinned. He nudged his companion.

"What do it say, boy?" he asked.

Willie looked past him at the dusty,

unpaved streets straggling out from the Monument.

"I ask you a question, boy." The white man's voice was very quiet.

"You talking to me?" Willie said softly.

"You know Goddamn well I'm talking to you. You got ears, ain't you?"

"You said boy," Willie said. "I didn't know you was talking to me."

"Who the hell else could I been talking to, nigger?" the white man demanded.

"I don't know," Willie said. "I didn't see no boys around."

The two white men got up.

"Ain't you forgetting something, nigger?" one of them asked, walking toward Willie.

"Not that I knows of," Willie declared.

"Ain't nobody ever told you to say sir to a white man?"

"Yes," Willie said. "They told me that."

"Yes what?" the white man prompted.

"Yes nothing," Willie said quietly.

"Jus plain yes. And I don't think you better come any closer, white man."

"Nigger, do you know where you're at?"

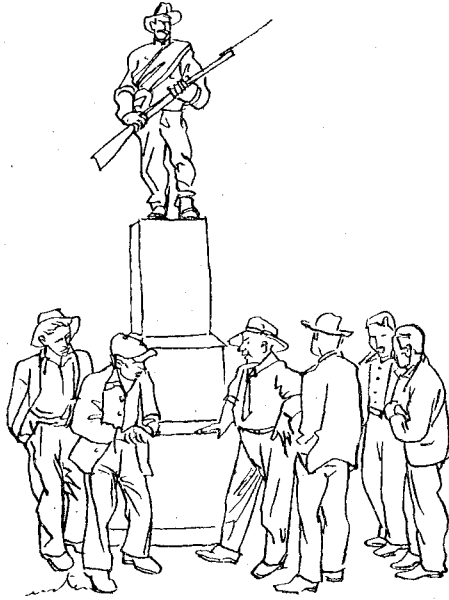
"Yes," Willie said. "Yes, I knows. And I knows you can have me killed. But I don't care about that. Long time now I don't care. So please don't come no closer, white man. I'm asking you kindly."

The two men hesitated. Willie started toward them walking very slowly. They stood very still, watching him come. Then, at the last moment, they stood aside and let him pass. He limped across the street and went into the town's lone Five and Ten Cent Store.

"How come I come in here?" he muttered. "Ain't got nobody to buy nothing for." He stood still a moment, frowning. "Reckon I'll get some post cards to send the boys," he decided. He walked over to the rack and made his selections care-

THE HOMECOMING

fully: the new Post Office Building, the Memorial Bridge, the Confederate Monument. "Make this look like a real town," he said. "Keep that one hoss outa sight." Then he was limping over to the counter, the cards and the quarter in his hand. The salesgirl started toward him, her hand out-



stretched to take the money. But just before she reached him, a white woman came toward the counter, so the girl went on past Willie, smiling sweetly, saying, "Can I help you?"

"Look a here, girl," Willie said sharply. "I was here first."

The salesgirl and the woman both turned toward him, their mouths dropping open.

"My money the same color as hers," Willie said. He stuffed the cards in his pocket. Then deliberately he tossed the quarter on the counter and walked out the door.

"Well, I never!" the white woman gasped.

When Willie came out on the sidewalk,

a little knot of men had gathered around the Monument. Willie could see the two men in the center talking to the others. Then they all stopped talking at once and looked at him. He limped on down the block and turned the corner.

At the next corner he turned again, and again at the next. Then he slowed. Nobody was following him.

The houses thinned out again. There were no trees shading the dirt road, powder-dry under the hammer blows of the sun. Willie limped on, the sweat pouring down his black face, soaking his collar. Then at last he was turning into a flagstone driveway, curving toward a large, very old house, set well back from the road in a clump of pine trees. He went up on the broad, sweeping veranda, and rang the bell.

A very old black man opened the door. He looked at Willie with a puzzled expression, squinting his red mottled old eyes against the light.

"Don't you remember me, Uncle Ben?" Willie said.

"Willie!" the old man said. "The Colonel sure be glad to see you! I go call him—right now!" Then he was off, trotting down the hall. Willie stood still, waiting.

The Colonel came out of the study, his hand outstretched.

"Willie," he said. "You little black scoundrel! Damn! You aren't little any more, are you?"

"No," Willie said. "I done growed."

"So I see! So I see! Come on back in the kitchen, boy. I want to talk to you."

Willie followed the lean, bent figure of the old white man through the house. In the kitchen Martha, the cook, gave a squeal of pleasure.

"Willie! My, my, how fine you's looking! Sit down! Where you find him, Colonel Bob?"

"I just dropped by," Willie said.

"Fix him something to eat, Martha,"

the Colonel said, "while I pry some military information out of him."

Martha scurried off, her white teeth gleaming in a pleased smile.

"You've got a mighty heap of ribbons, Willie," the Colonel said. "What are they for?"

"This here purple one is the Purple Heart," Willie explained. "That was for my leg."

"Bad?" the Colonel demanded.

"Hand grenade. They had to take it off. This here leg's a fake."

"Well, I'll be damned! I never would have known it."

"They make them good now. And they teaches you before you leaves the hospital."

"What are the others for?"

"The yellow one mean Pacific Theater of War," Willie said. "And the red one is the Good Conduct Medal."

"I knew you'd get that one," the Colonel declared. "You always were a good boy, Willie."

"Thank you," Willie said.

Martha was back now with coffee and cake. "Dinner be ready in a little," she said.

"You're out for good, aren't you, Willie?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'll give you your old job back. I need an extra man on the place."

"Begging your pardon, Colonel Bob," Willie said, "I ain't staying here. I'm going North."

"What! What the clinking ding dang ever gave you such an idea?"

"I can't stay here, Colonel Bob. I ain't suited for here no more."

"The North is no place for niggers, Willie. Why, those dangblasted Yankees would let you starve to death. Down here a good boy like you always got a white man to look after him. Any time you get hungry you can always come up to most

anybody's back door and they'll feed you."

"Yes," Willie said. "They feed me all right. They say that's Colonel Bob's boy, Willie, and they give me a swell meal. That's how come I got to go."

"Now you're talking riddles, Willie."

"No, Colonel Bob, I ain't talking riddles. I seen men killed. My friends. I done growed inside, too, Colonel Bob."

"What's that got to do with your staying here?"

Martha came over to the table bearing the steaming food on the tray. She stood there holding the tray, looking at Willie. He looked past her out the doorway where the big pines were shredding the sunlight.

"I done forgot too many things," he said slowly. "I done forgot how to scratch my head and shuffle my feet and grin when I don't feel like grinning."

"Willie!" Martha said. "Don't talk like that! Don't you know you can't talk like that?"

Colonel Bob silenced her with a lifted hand.

"Somebody's been talking to you," he declared, "teaching you the wrong things."

"No. Just had a lot of time for thinking. Thought it up all by myself. I done fought and been most killed and now I'm a man. Can't be a boy no more. Nobody's boy. Not even yours, Colonel Bob."

"Willie!" Martha moaned.

"Got to be a man. My own man. Can't let my kids cut a buck and wing on the sidewalk for pennies. Can't ask for hand-outs round the back door. Got to come in the front door. Got to git it myself. Can't git it, then I starves proud, Colonel Bob."

Martha's mouth was working, forming the words, but no sound came out of it, no sound at all.

"Do you think it's right," Colonel Bob asked evenly, "for you to talk to a white man like this—any white man—even me?"

THE HOMECOMING

"I don't know. All I know is I got to go. I can't even say yessir no more. Ever time I do, it choke up in my throat like black vomit. Ain't coming to no more back doors. And when I gits old, folks going to say Mister Jackson—not no Uncle Willie."

"You're right, Willie," Colonel Bob said. "You better go. In fact, you'd better go right now."

Willie stood up and adjusted his overseas cap.

"Thank you, Colonel Bob," he said. "You been awful good to me. Now I reckon I be going."

Colonel Bob did not answer. Instead he got up and held the screen door open. Willie went past him out the door. On the steps he stopped.

"Good-bye, Colonel Bob," he said softly.

The old white man looked at Willie as though he were going to say some-



thing, but then he thought better of it and closed his jaw down tight.

Willie turned away to go, but Uncle Ben was scurrying through the kitchen like an ancient rabbit.

"Colonel Bob!" he croaked. "There's trouble up in town. Man want you on the 'phone right now! Say they's after some colored soldier. Lawdy!"

"Yes," Willie said. "Maybe they after me."

"You stay right there," Colonel Bob growled, "and don't move a muscle! I'll be back in a minute." He turned and walked rapidly toward the front of the house.

Willie stood very still looking up through a break in the trees at the pale, whitish blue sky. It was very high and empty. And in the trees, no bird sang. But Colonel Bob was coming back now, his face very red, and knotted into hard lines.

"Willie," he said, "did you tell two white men you'd kill them if they came nigh you?"

"Yes. I didn't say that, but that's what I meant."

"And did you have some kind of an argument with a white woman?"

"Yes, Colonel Bob."

"My God!"

"He crazy, Colonel Bob," Martha wailed. "He done gone plum outa his mind!"

"You better not go back to town," the Colonel said. "You better stay here until I can get you out after dark."

Willie smiled a little.

"I'm gonna ketch me a train," he said. "Two o'clock today, I'm gonna ketch it."

"You be kilt!" Martha declared. "They kill you sure!"

"We done run too much, Martha," Willie said slowly. "We done run and hid and anyhow we done got caught. And then we goes down on our knees and begs. I ain't running. Done forgot how. Don't know how to run. Don't know how to beg. Just knows how to fight, that's all, Martha."

"Oh, Jesus, he crazy! Told you he crazy, Colonel Bob!"

Colonel Bob was looking at Willie, a slow, thoughtful look.

"Can't sneak off in the dark, Colonel

Bob. Can't steal away to Jesus. Got to go marching. And don't a man better touch me." He turned and went down the steps. "Good-bye, Colonel Bob," he called.

"Crazy," Martha wept. "Out of his mind!"

"Stop your blubbering!" Colonel Bob snapped. "Willie's no more crazy than I am. Maybe it's the world that's crazy. I don't know. I thought I did, but I don't." His blue eyes looked after the retreating figure. "Three hundred years of wounded pride," he mused. "Three centuries of hurt dignity. Going down the road marching. What would happen if we let them—no, it's Goddamned impossible. . . ."

"Looney!" Martha sobbed. "Plum tetched!"

"They'll kill him," Colonel Bob said. "And they'll do it in the meanest damned way they can think of. His leg won't make any difference. Not all the dang blasted ribbons in the world. Crazy thing, Willie, a soldier of the republic—wounded, and this thing to happen. Crazy." He stopped suddenly, his blue eyes widening in his pale, old face. "Crazy!" he roared. "That's it! If I can make them think—That's it, that's it, by God!"

Then he was racing through the house toward the telephone.

Willie had gone on around the house toward the dirt road where the heat was a visible thing, and turned his face in the direction of town.

When he neared the one paved street, the heat was lessening. He walked very slowly, turning off the country road into Lee Avenue, the main street of the town. Then he was moving toward the station. There were many people in the street, he noticed, far more than usual. The sidewalk was almost blocked with men with eyes of blue ice, and a long slow slouch to their walk. He went on quietly, paying no attention to them. He walked in an

absolutely straight line, turning neither to the right nor the left, and each time they opened up their ranks to let him pass through. But afterwards came the sound of their footsteps falling in behind him, each man that he passed swelling the number until the sound of them walking was loud in the silent street.

He did not look back. He limped on, his artificial leg making a scraping rustle on the sidewalk, and behind him, steadily, beat upon beat, not in perfect time, a little ragged, moving slowly, steadily, no faster nor slower than he was going, the white men came. They went down the street until they had almost reached the station. Then, moving his lips in a prayer that had no words, Willie turned and faced them. They swung out into a broad semicircle, without hastening their steps, moving in toward him in the thick, hot silence.

Willie opened his mouth to shriek at them, curse them, goad them into haste, but before his voice could rush past his dried and thickened tongue, the stillness was split from top to bottom by the wail of a siren. They all turned then, looking down the road, to where the khaki colored truck was pounding up a billowing wall of dust, hurling straight toward them.

Then it was upon them, screeching to a stop, the great red crosses gleaming on its sides. The two soldiers were out of it almost before it was still, grabbing Willie by the arms, dragging him toward the ambulance. Then the young officer with the single silver bar on his cap was climbing down, and with him an old man with white hair.

"This the man, Colonel?" the young officer demanded.

Colonel Bob nodded.

"All right," the officer said. "We'll take over now. This man is a combat fatigue case—not responsible for his actions."

NISEI, NISEI!

"But I got to go!" Willie said. "Got to ketch that train. Got to go North where I can be free, where I can be a man. You hear me, lieutenant, I got to go!"

The young officer jerked his head in the direction of the ambulance.

"Let me go!" Willie wept. "Let me go!"

But the soldiers were moving forward now, dragging the slim form with them,

with one leg sticking out very stiffly, the heavy heel drawing a line through the heat-softened asphalt as they went.

Frank Yerby will be remembered for his story "Roads Going Down" in the Summer 1945 issue of COMMON GROUND. His best-selling *The Foxes of Harrow* was published in February by Dial Press.

The illustrations are by Bernadine Custer.

NISEI, NISEI!

M. H. CONSTABLE

*I have no face—
This is a face,
(Nisei, Nisei!)
My face of astigmatic eyes,
Other eyes.*

*A composite of sneer and word,
The cherry blossom and the sword,
Where I hang as on gallows wood;
(Nisei, Nisei!)*

*Set in the island centuries
Of the mixed stocks Yamato breeds.
(And this is censored:
No one reads
Of our dissimilarities,
Nisei, Nisei!)*

*Is this so yellow?
Brown and plain
White are the skins of old Japan.*

I have no face.

*My sallow cheek
Is greenish in the subway light,*

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My parents' mild and patient eyes
Mocked in these narrow apertures;
Look, glasses make this low-built nose
The shadow of a caricature.
(Nisei, Nisei!)

Give me the eyes that form my face!
All outside eyes, all looking down,
The eyes of everyday that frown,
The starry world, the street, the job, the eating place—

All eyes I envy for their anonymity.
(Nisei, Nisei!)

This is mirage.
These are my twenty years of youth—
To look the thing I hate and what I am:
(Nisei, Nisei!)

Where is the heart to scour this enemy mask
Nailed on my flesh and artifact of my veins?
Where is a judge of the infernal poll
Where they vote round eyes honest and mine knave?

This is a dream.
These eyes, this face
(Nisei, Nisei!)
Clutched on my twitching plasm like a monstrous growth,
A twinning cyst of hair, of pulp, of teeth. . . .

Tell me this is no face,
This face of mine—
It is a face of Angloid eyes who hate.

M. H. Constable in private life is Mary Takahashi. Born in Boston, she now lives and works as a writer in Chicago.

STRIKE UP THE BAND SCHOOL

JOSEPHINE ROBERTSON

ROSELLE, New Jersey, a sleepy old suburb with streets of Victorian elegance shadowed by arching trees, has at least two unusual claims to fame. Here Thomas A. Edison installed the first village lighting plant, and here, some years later, Virgil W. Bork established the first summer Band School. The lighting plant was a success and its influence is perceptible throughout the land. The Union County Band and Orchestra School is also a success and has been copied widely, but the original institution retains a flavor of its own, due, no doubt, to the personality of its founder.

Each morning for six weeks during the summer, children carrying musical instruments stream down the main street as though lured by a Pied Piper. They skip down their front steps, pour out of trains from east and west, pile out of buses from north and south, and all converge at the brick high school building before nine o'clock. For the next three hours such toots, squeaks, harmonies, and lyric sounds as some five hundred instruments can evoke float pleasantly through open windows. At noon the music stops, the melody supplanted by laughter and voices as the students throng out of the building, stop at the ice cream truck, and go as they have come, leaving the town to its drowsy tranquillity until the next morning.

Virgil W. Bork, founder and director of the project, is a dark, heavy-set man with the brooding eyes of a philosopher. He went to work in the coal mines at the age of eight and toiled there for ten years.

Then to the steel mills for ten more years—strange preparation for a career as maestro. But it was music that beckoned him through those years of physical labor. It was a passionate love of music that took him out of the steel mill, that led him to struggle for education, and finally to devote his life to teaching the thing he loved. Music is a form of religion to him, breath for the soul—and always it has been the teacher who loves his work who kindles inspiration in his pupils.

Fifteen years ago Virgil Bork came to Roselle as the director of instrumental music in the schools. The next year he presented his idea for a summer session of music to the supervising principal and the county superintendent of schools. With their encouragement he opened up shop the summer of 1933 in a grade school building with 150 students and six instructors. The faculty, composed of music teachers from schools in surrounding towns, sharing the director's faith in the venture, agreed to work co-operatively in dividing the profits or losses. A modest venture it was, with top man Bork listed in the books for a possible ten dollar a week salary. No one has ever grown wealthy from the profits, but within a few seasons of its opening, the attendance grew too large for the grade school, and operations were transferred to the high school. Thirteen sessions have been completed successfully, with an attendance averaging around five hundred students. Many educators have visited the school, and it has won praise from such

prominent musicians as Dr. Edwin Franko Goldman and the late Arthur Pryor, but to Virgil Bork it is only a beginning. To understand his shining faith in the importance of music for every child we must go back again to his early years.

Born in Poland, fifty-three years ago, Virgil Wladyslaw Bork was the youngest of ten children, six of whom died when young. His father, who managed a large estate, loved good books and spoke several languages, but life was oppressive in Poland. When an adventurous older brother wrote cheerful letters about life in the United States, Virgil's father decided to follow him here. After two years he sent for his wife and children. This was no simple trip for them, however, for permits to leave the country could not be had for boys of pre-military age. They were expected to grow up to serve in the Czar's army. The escape across the Austrian border was a nightmare, a nightmare of the kind that has been all too familiar recently, of bribing the man who made a business of smuggling refugees, of dreading an encounter with the Russian border patrols, of floundering in a swamp at night where young Virgil lost his best cap. Small wonder Bork has never wished to return to the land of his birth.

At the end of the voyage, the brave mother and her boys arrived at Snake Hollow, West Virginia, where the father was working in the mines. The streets of Snake Hollow definitely were not paved with gold. There were years of toil ahead, but there was also one priceless asset: freedom of opportunity. Mainly because he didn't like the snakes, according to his own story, Virgil at the age of eight followed his father down into the mines. There were no child-labor laws in those days. He was strong and felt important to be allowed to join the men. Sometimes the day underground lasted fifteen hours. The work was dangerous, without the

modern safeguards of electricity and controlled ventilation. During the next ten years he worked with a pick, drove mules, took a turn as blacksmith, trackman, and at all the other mine operations. He looks back philosophically on this childhood underground. He worked with his father because he chose to, and there was a satisfaction to the boy in sharing the hazards of adult work. Somewhere along the line, he picked up a knowledge of reading and writing English. While he was not unhappy, he longed for a more beautiful life, and this dream gradually focused on one thing, music.

His brothers were musical and sometimes played for social gatherings. The boy Virgil was thirsty as a sponge for instruction from anyone on any instrument. With no formal instruction he picked up the rudiments of making music on a cornet, accordion, fife, and violin. From a cultured Italian band leader, who could speak no English, he received teaching and inspiration. His free time above ground was devoted to practicing, and when opportunity offered to play in a real band he thought nothing of walking eight miles for the privilege.

When he left the mine for the steel mill (later the Weirton Steel Company), his increased earnings meant just one thing—money for lessons and instruments. His passion for bands was prodigious. He played in them, directed them, organized them. He learned how to play several more instruments in order to coach his fellow bandsmen. Twenty-four friends, rounded up from factories, mills, and mines, constituted "Bork's Band." Music added zest to the drab lives of the young workmen, who caught the enthusiasm of their leader. Their services were in demand and they had great fun.

Another colorful venture back in 1907 was his Monongah Band, composed of the sons of miners killed in the Monon-

STRIKE UP THE BAND SCHOOL

gah Mine disaster. This organization was in action continuously in the early days of the miners' efforts to organize, and became the official band of the United Mine Workers of America.

So many and so inviting were the by-paths of music that young Virgil Bork finally decided to devote his full time to music. He knew for sure now that teaching and directing music was the career he wanted, but after a time he realized he was handicapped by lack of formal education. While this might have daunted the average man of thirty-two with a mother, wife, and six children to support, it was just one more challenge to the founder of Bork's Band. Working at night, he plowed into the high school curriculum and completed it three years later. This he followed with college and specialized musical courses, worked in whenever possible, and an unending interest in the classic philosophers. After representing a band instrument company for some years, he came to Roselle to organize a department of instrumental music in the school system. Here he settled, finally, but the contagious zeal for music which has inspired flutes to sing and horns to blow wherever he has gone has worked like yeast in Roselle for fifteen years now, making it surely the most band-minded town in New Jersey.

Children from third grade up, and adults if they're so inclined, may register for the six weeks summer session for the modest sum of fifteen dollars. This includes class instruction in any one of a score of instruments, daily opportunity to play with a band and with an orchestra. Baton twirling is a popular, if less musical, attraction for girls who dream of flashing down the field at the head of their school bands. Credits in music for the upper grades are approved by the State Department of Education. All students

receive a certificate showing grade of achievement.

The school has six bands and six orchestras for students of varying proficiency. Instrumental instruction is given in small classes and the three-hour session is broken by one period in the recreation hall where the student may enjoy table tennis, chess, or checkers under unobtrusive supervision. Weekly recitals are presented in the auditorium by the different bands and orchestras with their outstanding soloists, and evening concerts attract friends and parents at the end of the season. There is an air of cheerful informality about the school, indicating that the children are there because they want to be.

"They come for music," explains Director Bork. "We give them lots of it—and there is no problem of discipline."

The faculty, most of whom teach in the schools of surrounding towns, find that the summer school strengthens their own departments during the ensuing year. The parents find that a morning at the school not only does much for the child's music, but improves the morale of a summer vacation at home. The children just plain enjoy coming.

An interesting by-product of the school is the "Alumni Band" which meets Tuesday evenings. Purely as a labor of love, Virgil Bork leads this group of graduates who wish to keep up their music, a group ranging from the late 'teens to gray-haired businessmen, and including at least a couple of parents who can put on a stirring duet in brass. Especially gratifying to the leader has been the continued interest of servicemen on leave who have often sat in with a trumpet or sax of a Tuesday evening.

During these past war years the enrollment has dropped from its high of over six hundred, because of the gasoline shortage and the widespread employment of

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high school boys and girls. This is just a matter of marking time to the director, who has unbounded faith in the future. He knows from the letters that have come back to him from servicemen all over the world what music means to his young people.

The atmosphere of the school, with music, sweet and sour, pouring from every classroom, is vigorously alive. Over the seeming disharmony, Virgil Bork broods contentedly.

"Even the Greek philosophers knew," muses this man who spent his childhood in the coal mines, "that the soul is more important than the body. We educate our children in many ways, but we don't think enough about the soul. Music is good for the soul. Making music brings people together. That's why there is music in church. That's why at a great patriotic meeting, where perhaps the President speaks, the band plays first. That's why, if industrialists were smart enough, they'd have music for their employees. Music

lifts. It makes harmony. It is a way to brotherhood. This school is only scratching the surface. We need more music. We need more food for the souls of our children."

And the children? They may not realize that music is good for the soul, but their attitude may be revealed by the small boy whose mother asked if he were ready to leave for school.

"Yes," he replied with feeling. "But Mother, it's **BAND SCHOOL**. Don't call it school!"

A Vassar and Columbia School of Journalism graduate, Josephine Robertson has edited country weeklies and done a good deal of fiction and feature writing. Now a housewife in Westfield, New Jersey, her chief interest aside from home and writing is work with the American Friends Service Committee. The Robertson twins, both of whom play the clarinet, attended Band School last summer.

NATIONALITY FOODS

Unseen in the baggage of Americans who came from many lands was a rich know-how with foods. Every group has its specialty which the neighbors of other nationality backgrounds have borrowed and loaned again, until the American stomach is well on the way to becoming international.

EDUCATING FOR ONE WORLD

ESTHER W. HYMER

WHAT people everywhere are taught is the concern of all governments, of all peoples. This is an unforgettable lesson of the years between the last two wars. Though in that period one system of education fostered love of one's fellow man, the other taught hatred and arrogant aggression, and war followed. Although it may take years to finish the job, the complete and permanent liquidation of the antisocial educational systems in the former enemy countries is among the first prerequisites for an enduring peace. It must be followed by a new constructive international effort to co-ordinate the great force of organized education and to establish facilities for continuing consultation on educational matters.

II

International education to prevent war is not a new idea. Educational leaders in many countries over a long period of years have believed that there must be mutual understanding among mankind, though their teachings and philosophy won only limited acceptance. The crusade for such education began in the 17th century with the teachings of John Amos Comenius, a Moravian educational reformer. His attempts to organize all human knowledge within the reach of minds everywhere, and his concept that education should be broadened beyond narrow literary and linguistic confines to include the whole realm of knowledge, set the pattern to be followed in developing international edu-

cational co-operation. Living in a period of religious wars in which he twice lost his home and all his possessions, he travelled and worked in many countries until he became a citizen of the world. The discord and devastation of his time crystallized his determination to find those elements of knowledge necessary to bring mutual understanding among mankind.

John Locke continued the teachings of Comenius in England. His "Essay Concerning Human Understanding" and "Letters on Toleration" helped make him a great liberalizing force of his time. Nearly a hundred years later, Marc Antoine Jullien in France championed the idea that peace and unity could be promoted by an exchange of information on education in the different countries of Europe. Later E. Lebonnois established an international institute at Caens where scholars from different countries gathered to learn more about each other and to compare their educational methods.

Wars and war tensions ripped the economic and cultural fabric of Europe while the struggle was continued to find a basis for educational co-operation. Francis Kemény working in Hungary in the last century thought the answer could be found in an international institute of pedagogy, where through the exchange of procedures and techniques perhaps an element of unity could be discerned. The German educator, Ludwig Kurnig, proposed an international consultative center to explore common problems of education. In Belgium, the battleground for great

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powers through the ages, Schoolmaster Edward Peeters worked to establish a bureau which would collect educational literature from all countries in order to bring together and make available the best material in the field of education.

Fannie Fern Andrews of Boston, in the early years of this century, blazed a trail to the major world capitals until she secured official recognition of the idea that international education can be useful in promoting peaceful relations between nations. By 1914, sixteen governments were ready to send delegates to attend an International Conference on education called at the Hague. Before the conference could be held, however, soldiers were marching across boundaries to destroy their neighbors. Hatred instead of understanding continued to be a dominating force in international relationships.

Even after the most devastating war experienced until that time, political leaders were not ready to listen to those who pleaded for organized international education to sustain the peace. When the treaties were written and the League of Nations Covenant drawn up, no provision was made for cultural or intellectual interchange. There was mention of health and trade but not of education. Diplomats were unwilling to surrender any sovereignty even in regard to educational matters. What was to be taught was to continue the exclusive domain of each country. Nationalistic tendencies of governments could again be reflected in school instruction.

After the League was established, a program of action in the field of education and science was approved by the League Council. A Commission on Intellectual Co-operation was established but did not begin its work until nearly six years after the first League meeting. The work of this Commission has often been minimized because it could not prevent

the growth of nationalism and antisocial systems of education which helped bring on the war, but a great deal was accomplished when one considers the times in which it worked. It stimulated the creation of national committees of intellectual co-operation in forty countries. It initiated international conferences on a wide variety of subjects and carried on research studies on educational problems. It established permanent contact with existing international private organizations through joint committees on major educational associations and international organizations of students. Groundwork was laid also by the League's Committee of Experts on the instruction of youth in the aims and objects of the League. Its first report listed the materials and facilities which should be available in schools for learning more about the work of the League. It promoted projects which can be used even now in furthering understanding of the United Nations.

Another organization working along parallel lines was the International Bureau of Education, an intergovernmental institution, which, while situated in Geneva, had no connection with the League. By 1938 only seventeen of the smaller nations were members. Though operating through limited funds, it arranged annual international conferences and publicized eighty educational studies.

The work of these groups, of the cultural relation programs of certain governments, and of other private national and international societies was almost terminated by the war, the work hampered before it could be extended sufficiently to provide a useful framework for understanding and co-operation. Governments themselves failed to grasp the need for a strongly organized peace based on a willingness to work together. The leaders did not see the necessity for conditioning men's minds to think in terms of unity

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and co-operation. Nevertheless, these groups made a valuable contribution to the cultural interchange of the times, and worked out tested patterns for the future.

III

The United Nations Charter, written after the Second World War, is a more progressive and workable document than the Covenant of the League. It begins "We the people of the United Nations" instead of "Between the high contracting parties." It is the people of the United Nations who reaffirm their faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person.

To develop friendly relations between nations and to promote and encourage respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without restriction as to race, sex, language, or religion are among the purposes of the UNO. It is, therefore, not surprising to find as a specific function of the Social and Economic Council that it is "to make or initiate studies or reports with respect to cultural and educational matters." The Charter gives full authorization for the creation of a specialized agency to move within the general framework of the Council. It was realized that the high objectives of the new organization could not be fulfilled without the planned support of organized education to further understanding.

These provisions may prove to be one of the most effective parts of the machinery to prevent war. Throughout history, the suspicion and mistrust that has made differences between peoples break out into wars has been caused by ignorance of each others' ways. The foundation for agreement lies in more widespread knowledge and understanding on which to build a common faith and confidence.

World educators were ready and eager to set up the new educational agency.

In fact, postwar educational and cultural planning was continuously carried on in London even during the war years by the Ministers of Education from the ten occupied countries. In the fall of 1942 a Conference of Allied Ministers of Education was formed to consider the problems of re-establishing educational services at the end of the war. Observers from the major allied powers attended meetings of the conference and assisted with the work of the special committees. At a conference in May 1944, attended by six delegates from the United States, a constitution for a United Nations Organization for Educational and Cultural Reconstruction was drafted. This constitution was submitted to all the United (and associated) Nations for study and approval. Early in the Spring of 1945 the Draft Proposals for an Educational and Cultural Organization of the United Nations, envisioning a broader program, were drawn up by the United States Department of State. After revision by the Ministers of Education and by observers from other governments meeting with those Ministers in London, they were released for public discussion.

Many private organizations in this and other countries also prepared recommendations and proposals concerning a United Nations International Office of Education. Throughout the discussions of the many group meetings in widely separated places there seemed to be agreement that a new basis for international co-operation must be found, that it was not possible to rely any longer exclusively on political and economic arrangements. There was a general desire to set up machinery for making the tremendous body of knowledge in the world available to all peoples to be used for promoting peace, prosperity, and goodwill.

A conference finally convened in London on the first of November, 1945, and

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for sixteen days representatives of forty-three nations examined various proposals. After thorough discussion they drew up the constitution for a United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). The new organization, an agency working within the framework of the United Nations Social and Economic Council, will be located in Paris and come into being when its constitution has been accepted by twenty signatories. For the first time education is to receive an international governmental base on which to build its contribution to peace and security. Education will go beyond national boundaries to remove ignorance and prejudice, a dream envisioned by educators for nearly three centuries.

The constitution offers a plan for a long-range program for international cooperation in dealing with educational problems. The preamble declares "that since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that defenses of peace must be constructed." It points out that this can be accomplished by the wide diffusion of culture and the education of humanity for justice, liberty, and peace. Furthermore, it places responsibility squarely on governments, by saying that to carry on such work is the "sacred duty which all nations must fulfill in a spirit of mutual assistance and concern."

The new organization will not deal with educational policy in former enemy territory, nor with the reconstruction of education in the war-devastated countries, for it was agreed that this work could be carried on more efficiently by specially convened commissions. Instead, it will be an international clearing house for the exchange of ideas and information. It possesses no power of compulsion, and it may not intervene in matters which are essentially domestic. The expressed purpose is to contribute to peace and

security by promoting the objectives and ideals of the United Nations Organization through educational, scientific, and cultural collaboration. It aims to prepare the children of the world for the responsibilities of freedom and to give a fresh impetus to popular education. All the means of mass communication known to modern man will be used to carry out the purpose of advancing the mutual knowledge and understanding of peoples everywhere.

The program authorized includes some of the proposals of the early pioneers in the field of international education. There is to be consultation of leaders in the educational, cultural, and scientific fields. Studies are to be made on educational and cultural problems, and educational plans are to be developed. Countries are to be assisted with the growth of their own educational programs and the development of educational and cultural activities. One of the most important items on the program is the furthering of the free flow of ideas and information, which will be accomplished by the exchange of students and teachers; by means of the press, radio, and movies; and through schools, libraries, and universities.

The rather ambitious program of UNESCO will be carried out by an Executive Board of eighteen, assisted by a Director General and a Secretariat. The General Conference composed of five delegates from each member nation will meet annually to determine policies and the main lines of work of the organization. These provisions make it possible to deal in a flexible manner to build the meeting of minds, a job never before undertaken on an international scale.

It is hoped that the Constitution of UNESCO will be ratified speedily by our own as well as by all other governments, as a significant step on the road to peace. The preparatory commission is at work

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in Paris and a conference to establish the new educational organization probably will be called this spring.

IV

When the new organization comes into being, the work of governmental representatives will be important, but final success will depend in large measure on the responsibility of individual citizens in their home countries. Fine speeches of goodwill by official delegates to international conferences must be translated into friendly policies at home if they are to have any real meaning. Our right hands must know what our left hands are doing.

We all remember that for many years prior to the war, Chinese American friendship had appeared to be an established fact. Missionaries were sent to preach Christianity. Money was collected in the United States to open up schools in China. Yet the United States Silver Purchasing Act of 1934 initiated a silver buying policy which undermined and seriously weakened the Chinese economy. A few years later scrap iron and aviation gasoline were sold to Japan with which the Japanese bombed the schools we had helped to build, killing many women and young children. Chinese soldiers, finding bomb fragments bearing American trade labels after bombing raids, must have wondered about the firm friendship of the United States.

We remember, too, how the bravery of the Polish people at the beginning of the war inspired sympathy and admiration. The Greeks, the mountain fighters in Yugoslavia, the Czechs, all received columns of praise in our daily papers. Yet the second appropriation for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, which would bring food and medical supplies to these desti-

tute people whose bravery bought time for us, was authorized in March 1944 but not finally approved until December of 1945. The debates in Congress on the UNRRA appropriation last November were in sharp contrast with the words of friendliness expressed by our delegates at the London educational conference.

In Middletown Township, New Jersey, there was a successful campaign to support the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals, which would establish an organization to promote justice, yet there is a branch library in the Township partly supported by taxes which reserves the reading room for the exclusive use of the white members of the community. The same kind of situation exists in place after place within the United States. We have an amazing faculty for endorsing justice and fair play long distance, while closing our eyes and ears to injustice in our own communities. The final test of the usefulness of educational activities to develop understanding comes, of course, in the creation of international attitudes which will carry over into everyday living. There is a very real relationship between the way we think and act at home and the effectiveness of our government in promoting better relations abroad. One may enjoy a broadcast of South American music, praise the fineness of Philippine embroidery, sponsor a benefit for Greek relief, yet refuse to recognize as members of our very community people of other races, creeds, or nationality backgrounds. World friendship must take form in very practical ways on the local level if it is to assume any reality as an effective force for world peace.

It is not as if we had never tried to educate for peace—or had not thought we were educating for peace. Between the First and Second World Wars there was a widespread drive in this direction throughout the United States. Curricula,

COMMON GROUND

textbooks, and student projects in schools were planned to further understanding of other countries and their peoples. International alcoves were set up in local libraries. The campaign was sponsored by the churches, women's organizations, and a wide assortment of committees. The trouble was that too many of these programs operated in a vacuum, with little recognition of the actual conditions existing in the world, with little realization that the people studied were human beings like ourselves, with the same hopes and basic drives and aspirations. It was international education on a national level.

Some programs went deeper, of course. In Minnesota, the programs were directed not only toward understanding but toward community support of definite international policies. A traveling exhibit of one hundred beautiful scenic posters from other countries was shown in school libraries, stores, and at community meetings, but scenic posters were not all. The exhibit also included an equal number of posters on trade, the World Court, the work of the League of Nations, current international problems. In five rural counties, a special committee of women, representing the various nationality groups living there, sponsored international exhibits and world-friendship programs which featured the special contribution of each group to world culture. More than that, through a monthly newsletter, a weekly newspaper column, and a weekly radio round-table, controversial issues of foreign policy were presented also and the relationship of these issues to the welfare and security of the women discussed. In a mining area a world trade map was made, showing countries buying iron or iron products and also the countries from which minerals were imported, such as cobalt and nickel, necessary to manufacture the locally mined ore into usable

products such as knives and pipe. The world trade map was exhibited with a large world map explaining the Reciprocal Trade agreement then before Congress for consideration.

Over a ten-year period changed political thinking became evident in the different sections of Minnesota where the projects had been carried on most successfully. The various racial and national groups had learned to work together locally for common objectives. They had learned to think together in terms of a unified humanity living in a physically unified world. It was not by accident that a Governor, a Senator, and a Congressman were elected from Minnesota who were ardent supporters of all measures to further international co-operation. Voters had discovered the fallacies of isolation through their local international education programs, and they put their convictions to work.

Other programs now developing hold promise. In an effort to combine international education with appropriate legislative action, the Woman's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace is perfecting a new organizational pattern. The National Committee, which includes representatives of fourteen member organizations of women of different races and creeds, lists for support the international measures before Congress which they believe will build toward a world of peace and justice under law. Information on these issues is sent to local members throughout the United States, who also receive a "Call to Action" when the measure is debated in committee, on the floor of the House, or in the Senate.

During the past critical year, organizations of women of foreign birth or origin in the New York area have been invited to send representatives to meetings called by the National Committee, and the discussions on pending international

EDUCATING FOR ONE WORLD

issues have been mutually beneficial. Conditioned by different backgrounds and experiences, those present learn of each others' problems and points of view relative to a particular measure before Congress. These women of the foreign-origin groups, too often neglected in national organizations, bring to the National Committee a fuller understanding of various phases of the problems discussed and their effect on different nations. The representatives report the discussions back to their own organizational meetings, and assist with preparation of releases to the foreign-language newspapers and radio programs. Thus these large groups of women, who perhaps feel more deeply than many in this country that people must learn to live together, are being given an opportunity by the Women's Action Committee to use their influence to further legislation that gives expression to that conviction. For many, it is a first step toward active participation in the political life of the country of their adoption. The same plan is being followed by state and Congressional district units of the organization. Working together in this way for the common objective of building a peaceful world, women cease to be of different races, creeds, or nationalities.

In programs similar to these in the grass roots of our country lies the best hope for educating for one world. UNESCO is important—vastly important. But it can become strong only through the international understanding which begins in our own back yards. Such understanding has its base in the harmonious working together of small neighborhoods and communities across the land as microcosms of one world with all its races, creeds, and nationalities. When all individuals believing in and working for international education emphasize, as their ultimate goal, acts of goodwill among men everywhere, a mass power will be created which will build at home and abroad the necessary foundation for enduring peace.

Esther W. Hymer has been active for many years in women's groups working toward better international understanding, among them The American Association of University Women, The National Committee On the Cause and Cure of War, and the American Section, Canadian American Women's Committee on International Relations. She is now Chairman of the Policy Committee of the Women's Action Committee for Victory and Lasting Peace.

GRANDPA BEATS THE BROOM

IRWIN STARK

WHenever you have a problem, it is the better part of wisdom to see Grandpa Krasnikov, for he is a very old man with much experience under his belt, size forty-two. By this time he has lived through many important events, including half a dozen wars, several abortive uprisings, one revolution, and three wives. When he is confronted with a problem, he will place two glasses of tea on the checkered tablecloth, insert a lump of sugar between his gums, permit his eyes to twinkle with moderate sympathy, and then attempt to settle your difficulty with an example from his own life. I shall demonstrate how this is done, since I am suffering from an extremely serious problem which I have brought to the attention of Grandpa Krasnikov.

At first he listens with many up and down motions of his matted eyebrows, meanwhile stroking his big white mustache with extraordinary fondness. Sometimes he breathes deeply, sighs aloud, and whistles suggestively through his two remaining teeth. Then, after a vigorous nodding of the head and an equally vigorous blowing of the nose, he commences.

It is about his first wife, the adorable Nadya Nikolaievna, daughter of a government clerk, that he is thinking. He shuts his eyes as he talks, and sips his tea slowly, partly to savor the aroma, partly to savor the memory of Nadya. In those days in the Old World he was a dealer in lumber whose business would take him daily down to the river. His ways were perhaps rougher than those to which the

genteel Nadya was accustomed, for she had been brought up by a private governess imported from Petrograd, and had known the ministrations of two servants. But her father, a widower intent on marrying a wealthy virgin from a neighboring town, had been so eager to cast off the ballast of five daughters that he had not considered the social adjustments each of them might be forced to make. About domestic chores Nadya therefore remained in abject innocence, although Grandpa Krasnikov thought that time would teach her the necessities of her new ménage.

In this he was profoundly mistaken. When he was ready to leave for work each morning, Nadya would lie happily asleep under the warm quilts. When he returned at noon for his lunch, Nadya would be paying a visit to one of her four sisters. And at night, when supper should have been waiting his return, Nadya would be embroidering a sweater for one of her sister's children. Grandpa Krasnikov liked to eat as well as any man, and this inattention to his wants made him very unhappy indeed. This was not all. The house was in need of a cleaning, and the new furniture was already coated with thick layers of dust.

After a week of flickering hope, Grandpa Krasnikov resolved to take matters into his own hands. So, having found sweet words whispered into Nadya Nikolaievna's delicate ears inadequate to awaken her, he hit upon a plan of more direct action.

Nadya awakes one morning to hear Grandpa Krasnikov talking in angry tones

GRANDPA BEATS THE BROOM

to somebody in the kitchen. She thinks this odd, and lifts herself cautiously on one elbow to listen.

Grandpa Krasnikov is muttering angrily, "Broom, kitchen broom, this is by no means good. It is not good at all. I am hungry, miserably, frightfully hungry. You have not made breakfast, and you have neglected to make my lunch or my supper. This time out of the blessed charity of my nature I will forgive you, but tomorrow everything must be different."

Nadya thinks this is a strange way to be talking, but Grandpa Krasnikov enters the bedroom, kisses her good-bye, says nothing further, and goes to work.

At night, when he returns, he sees that the house has not yet been cleaned, and there is no supper awaiting him.

"I am so sorry," Nadya Nikolaievna says. "I was visiting my father today. Let



us go to Petroff's hotel where we can dine in comfort."

Grandpa Krasnikov, who has much patience as well as love for Nadya Nikolaievna, kisses her tenderly and though he has no use either for Petroff or his hotel agrees to dine out.

The following morning Nadya sleeps again, and once again she awakens to hear

Grandpa Krasnikov muttering in the kitchen. This time he is furious. "Broom, broom," he is saying, "what shall we do to you? You are a bad, wicked, obnoxious, lazy broom. You did not clean the house. You did not make breakfast. Last night you made no supper, and I was compelled to dine at Petroff's hotel, which I do not like any more than Petroff himself. This must never happen again, or I will be forced to do something unpleasant and against my better nature."

Then he enters the bedroom and kisses Nadya good-bye.

That night when he returns from the river Nadya meets him at the door. She kisses him, but there is no joy in her embraces.

"Something is very strange," she says. "This morning I heard you telling the broom what must be done. But the broom must be lazy beyond redemption. I have waited all day for it to clean the house and make our supper. None of these things have been done. The broom did not listen to a word you said."

"Ah—hah!" Grandpa Krasnikov shouts. "Then we must teach it a lesson it will not forget. Bring it to me at once, Nadya, my love!"

He removes his leather belt from his waist, stands the lazy broom up in the middle of the floor, and begins to strike it. But the broom, having no support, tumbles over.

This is a serious difficulty. "I cannot punish the broom if it will not stand up and accept its punishment," he explains to Nadya. "You must help me, for if we neglect this it will only get worse by the hour. Find me a piece of twine in the cupboard drawers, and we will mend matters at once."

Nadya does not understand this maneuver at all but she finds the twine, and Grandpa Krasnikov explains exactly what must be done. "Since the broom will not

stand up of its own free will," he says, "we shall have to tie it to your back. This way it will not fall over, and thus escape its just deserts."

Grandpa Krasnikov ties the broom to Nadya's back, and proceeds to punish it. But he does not strike it very hard.

"O, look what you are doing!" Nadya cries. "You are hitting me as well!"

"Am I, indeed?" asks Grandpa Krasnikov. "That's a pity. I will try not to hurt you anymore." He kisses her, and then gives the broom a few more light strokes. Finally he unties the knot and makes love to Nadya.

The next morning Nadya hears Grandpa talking to the broom once more. His complaints are similar to those of the preceding days, but they are somewhat less violent. When he returns at night, supper is awaiting him. Nevertheless, after supper Nadya is called upon to assist again. This time Grandpa hits much harder.

"Broom," he says, "why don't you listen to me carefully? The supper has been good, though it could be better. The borsht has been appreciated, and the veal was passable. However, I shall not argue the point. What troubles me is my lunch, my breakfast, and the condition of the house. All these matters must be attended to without further delay." Each time he concludes a sentence Grandpa strikes the broom a healthy whack with his belt. It hurts Nadya and she starts to weep.

"O, you are paining me so!" she cries. "You are paining me very much!"

Grandpa is surprised, of course. He kisses her tenderly. "My darling Nadya," he begs. "How can you ever forgive me?"

The next morning, when he awakens, he knows that something is lacking. There is an unfamiliar coldness about the bed. It is Nadya, who has crept out already

though it is not yet seven o'clock. He can hear her busily at work in the kitchen. The smell of fresh coffee warms his blood.

"Does it really matter if I do it instead of the broom?" Nadya inquires humbly as he enters.

"No, Nadya darling," Grandpa Krasnikov says. "But how noble to sacrifice yourself for a lazy lout of a broom! How glorious, how saintly!"

And after that you could never find a better kept house, or a better fed man than Grandpa Krasnikov even in the Winter Palace of the Czars.

I have demonstrated how Grandpa Krasnikov tries to solve a problem, because I have this very same problem.

"You should try the same trick," he says to me, sipping the last of his tea, his eyes clouding a little as he remembers his second wife perhaps, or an abortive uprising.

"That's all very well," I say. "What you have related is interesting and instructive. But I ask you to bear in mind the fact that my wife is of an exceptionally athletic physique, and possesses an agile mind that is not illuminated with a sense of humor."

Grandpa Krasnikov shakes his head sadly. He pours out two more glasses of tea.

"In that case," he says, "I think it will be necessary to tell you about my second wife, Sonya Anisimich."

Irwin Stark is a New York City high school teacher who contributes poetry and prose to a wide range of periodicals. He is at work at present on a novel dealing with Negro-white relations.

The illustration is by Bernadine Custer.

CASE HISTORY

BRADFORD SMITH

SURE, I see 'em first thing they come to town. Went down to meet the 2:13 as usual. As usual it was ten-twelve minutes late. I was standin' by my taxi at the end of the platform. Wasn't many gettin' off the train so I noticed him right away. Young fellow got off first; then he sort of helped the girl down. Looked around as if the place was strange to him. Then he see my car and said somethin' to the girl and they made for where I was. 'Course I looked 'em over while they was walkin' down the platform. They just been married, I says to myself. Had that band-box freshness about 'em—no mistakin' it. Both of 'em on the short side, but the young fellow pretty chunky about the shoulders—could be a boxer or a football player, maybe. Girl just the opposite—as tiny a creature as you ever see, wouldn't weigh a hundred pounds. Nice figure, though—not scrawny or anything like that—nice proportioned.

'Course when they come up to the car, I knew before he spoke where they wanted to go, so I says, "You want to go to the hotel?" So he looked kind of surprised. He has bushy black eyebrows, you know, and they sort of climb up his forehead.

So then he grinned and said, "That's right." Tell the truth I guess I wasn't payin' much attention to him for gawkin' at the girl, she was that pretty, 'cause next thing I knew he was tryin' to stow his bags in the car and I hadn't give him any help a-tall.

Well, I let 'em out up to the Mansion House; then I set there a minute to see if I might get a call. Funny thing, but I kept seein' that girl's face. I'm too old for any kind of foolishness so I guess it was just I'd never seen one like it before—so small, like a flower that isn't quite open, and so perfect, except for just a little mole that didn't amount to nothin' on her cheek.

So while I'm sittin' there, darned if they don't come out again.

"Know any other place?" he says to me. "They say they haven't got a room for us there."

Now you know the Mansion House ain't been full up since Teddy Roosevelt stayed there in, I guess it was nineteen-five, or maybe six. No, it was five, the year Jimmy was born.

"This the only hotel we got," I told him, but I thought maybe we could find a boardin' house somewheres.

So we started out. Tried several—Mis' Pincombe's, Colberg's—though I never give much for Becca's cookin', Min Brown's. Ever' time the boy'd go up the walk with his shoulders straight back—fine a lookin' fellow as you'd ask to see, of his type—while me an the girl'd stay in the car. An' when he'd come down the walk again you could see he'd had the starch taken out of him and the girl'd be tryin' her best to look happy. I tell you, if we'd had any spare room over at the house, I'd of taken 'em in myself. Finally it got so's I couldn't stand it, so I got out

of the car and met the young fellow as he was comin' out of the Brown's, far enough from the car so's his wife couldn't hear.

"Town's been pretty crowded since they opened up that electric works," I told him. 'Course I knew as well as he did that wasn't the trouble, but you got to say somethin'. Then I told him there was some Eyetalian families over the other side of the station might have some rooms to rent if he wanted to try there.

"They're Americans like the rest of us, aren't they?" he said. And I said sure I guess they was in a way. So he said, "Let's go then. I just came back from Italy myself."

I knew from the thing in his button-hole he'd got some kind of decoration—purple heart or somethin' of the sort.

So we drove down the hill again and all the way down Main and across the tracks to Union. And when I come to a place with a Room for Rent sign in the window I stopped. I was kind of ashamed to do it, the way this young couple was dressed, and they talked such nice English—good sight better than I do myself. But it was a sure thing none of the folks up on the hill would have 'em—not by a jugfull.

Well, we sat there waitin' again, the girl and me, and all of a sudden a woman's voice sort of exploded all over the place in Eyetalian, and pretty soon he come down the steps three at a time with that grin on his face a mile wide and stuck his head in the back door.

"Come on, honey," he said. "We're in. These folks come from Trentini. That's where the base hospital was I stayed in when I was wounded. I even know some of their relatives. It's not the kind of place I wanted for you, but they want us. That helps."

"I don't care so long as it's clean," she said.

So then he paid me and they went in.

II

MINUTES OF SPECIAL MEETING OF THE
MERCHANT'S ASSOCIATION

The meeting was called to order by the chairman, Jeb Walton, who announced that the usual order of business would be dispensed with since this meeting was called to consider only one subject, namely the prospect of a new business opening up in town.

The chairman explained that the person in question had come into the bank and presented a cashier's check for a substantial sum in order to open an account, stating that it was his intention to open a flower shop. When questioned why he had chosen Centreville, explained that he had just been discharged from the Army and after studying statistics of various communities had come to the conclusion that Centreville, which did not have a flower shop, offered the greatest opportunity.

Mr. Hadden remarked that if anyone was going to open a flower shop, why couldn't it be one of our own home-town boys. Mr. Smithers said why hadn't one of the local boys been smart enough to think of it then. At this point the chair called for order and requested that all remarks be addressed to the chair and not to speak until recognized.

Mr. Wood was recognized and reported how Mr. Maury (Sec. note: Not certain regarding the spelling of the person's name discussed; sounds like Maury or Mawrie) came to see him about renting the vacant store next to Hadden's drug store. He (Mr. Wood) had questioned whether the owner would care to rent to Mr. Maury and raised the question by telephone. The answer was negative and he therefore told this Mr. Maury that the owner had other plans for the property upon which Mr. Maury said he had better take the For Rent sign out of the window

CASE HISTORY

then and left the office. Since this was the only desirable store available, Mr. Wood had hoped Mr. Maury would decide not to remain in Centreville. Instead of which he had taken over a dilapidated piece of property at the bottom of Main Street and was renovating it.

The chairman inquired if anyone knew who owned the property? No answer forthcoming. Mr. Wood remarked it had always been an eyesore and a disgrace. Mr. Smithers said so much the better then, if the young man fixes it up. To which Mr. Hadden replied that was not the point and Mr. S. asked well what is the point then, that's what I'm trying to find out. The chairman rapped for order and recognized Mr. Hadden who said the point was whether we were going to encourage outsiders and foreigners to come in here and compete with local merchants. Mr. Smithers said he understood the man was an American citizen and a veteran and there was no other flower shop in town to compete with—the only thing he'd have to compete with was the grip most people in this town kept on their pocketbooks. Mr. Hadden said that was not the point to which Mr. S. replied he (Mr. H.) had just got through saying that was the point and would he please make up his mind. Call for order.

Mr. Wood was recognized and said the real problem was whether this might start an undesirable trend and therefore it would be better to be firm from the beginning. The chairman remarked that his son was still in Italy and it should be considered whether outside veterans should get a start before our own boys all get home.

After further discussion it was moved that this business be discouraged by members of the association refusing business with the person mentioned, such as aiding in the renovation of the property and so on. Stronger methods were suggested but overruled as being un-Ameri-

can and anyhow unnecessary. In discussion Mr. Smithers dissented, saying that this town could use some fresh blood. The motion was carried by a large majority and the secretary instructed to advise all members not present at the meeting re the decision.

Respectfully submitted,

Amos Handwerk, Secy.

III

Sunday

Dear Sue:

Well, John got his shop opened several days ago. There hasn't been much business yet, but John says we have to be patient. He brings me the loveliest flowers every night and he's such a sweet boy, Sue. Of course you knew him in high school but he's changed so much, being in the war and everything, and he's so handsome and understanding. We're very happy and I know I'm lucky though he's always saying he's the lucky one.

We're still living with the Italian family. We saw the sweetest little bungalow over on Cottage Street but of course there isn't a chance they'd rent it to us. Mrs. Alberti is so funny. She talks with her hands as much as her mouth, and if she happens to have a knife in her hand you have to watch out. But she's very kind and motherly. I do wish we could find a place of our own, though.

Oh, Sue, I do so want John to make a success. He knows the business so well and he's fixed up a lovely shop all by himself, but I can hardly bear to face him when he comes home and know he's waited all day for business. Can't we get away from this thing—ever?

I do miss you. It's so lonesome all day, but John won't let me come to the shop because he says only immigrant wives do that, and I know he's right if we ever do make a go of it here. If I had some

COMMON GROUND

kiddies to teach I'd be happy, but can you imagine them giving me an appointment?

But I don't mean to sound pessimistic. It's just that we try so hard to do everything we know how and where does it get us?

Give my love to Harold and the kids, and write soon.

Mary

IV

I'm Frank Alberti. So all right I'm Italian. So was Garibaldi and so is Toscanini. I'm an American just the same. And so's this guy I'm workin' for even if he looks a little different from the rest of us. Because he's livin' at our place he asks me if I want to make some spare cash afternoons after school. Who doesn't, with prices the way they are? I'd have to do it anyway if my old woman heard about it—and for free, prob'ly. Just because John—that's the guy—stayed in a dump my parents came from in Italy she thinks nothin's too good for him. I like him all right, too, but not for such a dopey reason—just because he's a good guy, that's all.

The first afternoon I worked for him he gave me a whole pile of boxes to deliver and showed me how to strap 'em on my bike so they'd stay on good and not crush the flowers inside.

"Gee, business must be pretty good," I said.

"These are complimentary bouquets, Frank," he said to me.

And I said, "You mean you're givin' 'em away—for nothin'?"

"May as well give 'em away as have 'em rot," he said. "Maybe they'll start the business comin' in." So then I noticed they were addressed to the big shots in town—dames like Mrs. Walton and the others who are always gettin' their names in the paper. You know—Mrs.

Walton poured tea for the benefit of the hungry Chinese—a whole lot of over-stuffed dames overeating in order to keep the Chinese from being hungry. Always seemed kind of dumb to me.

Anyway, I told him I hoped it would work, and I did, too. You ought to see the way he fixed up the store. It was just a dump when he got hold of it and he had to do all the work himself—couldn't get anyone to work for him. It never looked the way it does now. And the way he fixed the flowers on shelves and things around the store—it was real city style—like something you see in a show. It was too good for Centreville, I guess.

Only I was afraid about his not getting any business on account of some of the things I heard guys say at school. You could tell it was what their parents were sayin'. I told 'em where to get off and offered to fight 'em if they wanted. Who'd they think they were anyhow? I got two brothers in the Army. I'm as good an American as any of 'em. And I didn't like the way these twerps were tryin' to put the skids under John. Even the dames I took the flowers to, some of 'em, acted like they were too good for 'em. But I notice they took 'em just the same.

This guy John keeps comin' up with some kind of a screwy idea to get business. One afternoon he said to me, "Frank, I hear they're having a dance up at your school Saturday." So I said yes and he said, "Where do the boys buy the corsages they give the girls?"

"If that's some kind of flower, they don't," I said.

"Don't give the girl a flower to wear? When's this town going to get out of the Stone Age?" he said. "Don't you think you could start the fashion if I made it worth your while?"

So we talked it over and made a deal and the next day I looked up Pudge Waters first thing I got to school because

he's about the easiest guy to pry loose from a piece of change and I knew he was goin' to the dance.

So I said, "Hey, Pudge, you ordered Penny's corsage yet?" And he said, "I'm not marryin' the girl, I'm just takin' her to the dance."

"Look," I said, "you can make a real hit. It'll only cost you seventy-five cents delivered."

So he bit, and after that each guy was a little easier because the word got around school that everyone was ordering a corsage for his girl. People are like sheep, I guess. The guys even began to come around and place their orders with me. I bet there wasn't a girl in school who'd have gone to the dance without a corsage: that's dames for you. Funny thing is, I didn't really care so much about the dough I was makin' for myself. It was the idea of bringin' some business into the shop. I watched him makin' 'em up with ribbon and green stuff and everything and they were pretty keen. I guess this town never saw anything like it before. Flowers always seemed mostly girl stuff to me, but these things were so pretty I sort of went for 'em—kind of thing I'd like to give Mom for her birthday.

I sold seventy-two corsages. I said something to John about business being pretty good and he said, "That's right. I've put out eighty-nine bucks wholesale for flowers and taken in \$71.50 counting the corsages. If we aren't careful we're going to have things balancing here before long."

I guess it takes a lot of money to run a business.

V

LOCAL HERO RETURNS

Lt. Walton Back From Europe

Welcomed by a number of his friends and family, Lt. Ned Walton, son of Mr.

Jeb Walton, president of the First National Bank, and Mrs. Walton returned to Centreville on the 2:13 train today. Lt. Walton was inducted in March 1943 and had not seen Centreville since his last leave here before going overseas in January 1944. Lt. Walton saw action in Europe and was later with the occupation troops in Germany.

Asked by the Times reporter to name his most exciting battle experience, the Lieutenant said, "It was watching those Japanese American boys in the 442nd. Anyone who saw them will tell you they were the best outfit we had. I was in the intelligence section of their outfit for six months and I never saw better soldiers."

Lt. Walton stated that the destruction in Berlin was beyond description. He believes that it will be necessary to occupy Germany for many years in order to wipe out the Hitler influence.

Lt. Walton intends to resume his position in the First National Bank after a few weeks' rest.

HOODLUMS SMASH WINDOW

Unknown vandals last night smashed the show window of the Centreville Florist Shop and broke fixtures in the store. Mr. John Mori, the proprietor, could not be reached for comment. Officer Daly discovered the damage at 10:15 p.m.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

So Says Centreville Florist

BY JACK SMITHERS

Readers of last evening's Times may not have noticed a chance placing together of items that had more in common than met the eye: the arrival of Lt. Walton and the vandalism committed against the Centreville Florist Shop.

The story goes back several weeks to the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. John Mori in Centreville. Mr. Mori, a recently re-

leased veteran, opened a florist shop at 115 Main Street after remodelling a piece of property that had always been a disgrace to the town until that time.

Mr. Mori was not welcomed by some of the less enterprising citizens of Centreville, but he stuck it out. During the few weeks he and his wife spent in this town they have done more good than some worthy people who have lived their whole lives here.

Mr. Mori found the boys along Union Street were getting into trouble for lack of a decent place to spend their time. He opened his own shop to them, allowed them the use of a well-stocked tool bench, and gave them the benefit of his knowledge of tools and crafts. Mrs. Mori, a trained teacher, voluntarily supervised a pre-school group to help busy mothers.

Meanwhile the citizens of Centreville were, to use an ugly word, boycotting Mr. Mori. The worst happened last night when someone heaved a stone through Mr. Mori's shop window. When the Times called the police chief this morning, it learned that no clue had been found. So it began a little investigation on its own. It discovered that just about everyone in town except the police department knew who was guilty.

Up to now there has been a conspiracy of silence about Mr. Mori. People have got the idea that he is some kind of foreigner and that there is something about him which makes him an undesirable citizen. John Mori was born in Los Angeles, California, June 4, 1918, and educated in the public schools. In high school he played on the football team and was elected secretary of his class. At college he studied agriculture and played football, earning his own way. After graduation he joined his father in the flower business until the Pearl Harbor attack when he volunteered for combat duty. He spent more than two years with the Army over-

seas, has five battle stars, the Purple Heart, two Presidential unit citations, and a bronze star. His wife, Mary, also born in California, is a childhood sweetheart.

Lt. Ned Walton, just back from the fighting in Europe, gave us a good example yesterday. He praised a certain Army unit composed of Japanese Americans and said they were the finest soldiers we had in Europe.

When Lt. Walton read in the paper last evening about Mr. Mori's misfortune, he hotfooted it down to the shop but didn't find him there. He went over to Union Street where Mr. Mori was living and found him and his wife packing, getting ready to leave town. Well, they had a lot to say to each other because they'd been in the same unit in Italy. And finally Mr. Walton persuaded Mr. Mori to stay with us, though he made it quite clear that Centreville didn't deserve it.

As we go to press, we are informed that the police have picked up the person responsible for breaking the window.

We thoroughly approve of Lt. Walton's action. We think it calls for flowers all around. Because what this town needs is an American like Mr. Mori and his wife. The Times welcomes these two good citizens, whose ancestors happened to be Japanese.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. John Mori have moved to 11 Cottage Street. Mr. Mori is proprietor of the Centreville Florist Shop, which incidentally seems to be doing a rushing business these days.

Bradford Smith has been Chief of the Pacific Division of the OWI. Well-known novelist, he will write the book on the Japanese Americans for the Peoples of America series to be published by Lippincott under the editorship of Louis Adamic.

MAGIC ACT

NATHAN ZIMELMAN

Come closer,
Closer, folks,
Gather 'round.
Now that we're all together
Take a name,
Any name.

O'Reilly?
Good enough.
Herschman?
Good enough.
Jensen,
Jackson,
Poladski,
Hunrady?
Good enough.
Toss them in, folks,
Any name you have,
Any name.
There's room for all.
Step closer,
Gather 'round.
Nothing up my sleeves,
Nothing,
Nothing but my arms.

You there, brother.
Look and see.
Satisfied?
Take thanks, brother.
Look, look, look and see
As I place the names,
As I place each and every name into this hat
And repeat the magic word,
"Abracadabra."
Reach in, lady, and draw what you will.
Thank you, lady.
And what have we here?
Just one name.
Now, lady, there must be some mistake.
Reach in again.
Nothing?
I upend the hat.
Nothing.

Well, folks, shall we read this one name
That came from the many?
I open the slip and the word is,
AMERICAN!
Come closer,
Closer, folks,
Gather 'round.
Nothing up my sleeves,
Nothing in my hat.
Gather 'round, folks,
And give me a name,
Any name at all.

FUNERALS ARE FUN

MILLA Z. LOGAN

AFTER Mrs. Brandon, our "American" neighbor, buried her husband, my mother sent me to the quiet house next door to make cheer for the widow and her old mother-in-law.

Home life at the Brandons was different from anything I had ever known. The older Mrs. Brandon sat in her sunny room all day and behaved like a polite guest at meals. I couldn't imagine her clowning and doing silly imitations the way our baba (grandmother) did. The Brandons' maid ate in the kitchen, by herself, and she didn't call members of the family by their first names like our Justina. Meals were as still as church services, and the house didn't always smell of cooking. When the Brandon boys came to see their mother, they talked mildly of the weather, of new automobiles, and of other things an outsider could listen to. Even though they were grieving for Mr. Brandon, they never mentioned his name, much less called on him wildly for comfort.

It was like stepping into a lower world to come home to our bedlam of a kitchen. Therefore I got into arguments at the coffee table every day with my aunts and Baba Yané.

Sipping my hot milk with tight dry lips the way I had seen Mrs. Brandon do, I carried on tirades inside myself as I watched the others splash sponge cake in their coffee. All the while, I would be getting ready to pounce on a break in the conversation so I could show off my superiority.

If Teta Yela happened to say that she

was catching cold because she hadn't dried her hair before going out, I would say the up-to-date ladies were cutting bangs like Mrs. Brandon's.

"BANGS!" Everybody was on the trigger with an answer.

"She looks like that woman (we won't mention names) that we girls weren't allowed to talk to in the old country!"

"She'll go bang if she doesn't spend more time in the kitchen than on the fringe over her eyes."

If someone didn't turn the argument into a farce, we would carry on until the last crumb of cake was gone and the coffee pot was drained.

One day when I came home from school, I found them in a high humor. I choked furiously on my milk when they asked me if I wanted a "sahnwich."

"Nice thin piece of bread made out of sawdust with a pickle in it," Teta Yela suggested. "Wouldn't that make Mrs. Brandon's mouth water?"

I ignored the dig at my wonderful friend and went on daintily munching my bread and honey, but I kept my ears open for an opportunity to get back at them.

In a few minutes Teta Lubé sighed and folded her napkin. "I guess we'll have to eat early tonight if we're going to the undertaker to see Mrs. Zabovich," she said.

"That will be a big funeral," Teta Eva predicted.

I saw my chance. "When I die," I announced banging my spoon against my cup, "you're not coming to the funeral,

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any of you. I don't want any of your big noisy funerals."

Teta Eva reached across me and picked out an apple. "I do," she said complacently. "I want lots of limousines and flowers and everything that's due me."

"I've got mine all written down in the left-hand drawer of my dresser." Teta Lubé volunteered an old piece of news. "It says who my pallbearers will be and what dress I'm going to wear."

"Those funerals," I shuddered. "Everybody crying one minute and laughing the next. Trying to jump in the grave with the coffin and fighting over whose limousine is going to be first in the parade."

"We can't help it if we feel things," Teta Eva said, deeply injured. "We're not made of stone."

"Are the Amerikantzi?" I asked. "When their people die they have funerals, but they don't have a show. Did Mrs. Brandon yell when her husband died?"

The fat was in the fire. "That funeral!" Baba Yané shouted, waving her fork. "Lubé and I were there. We saw it all. Six people besides Lubé and me, and you couldn't tell whether they were burying a donkey or a sack of potatoes."

"The minister acted as if he didn't even know who was in the coffin," Teta Lubé said.

"Let me show you how he did," said Baba Yané. She ran out of the room looking for a proper costume.

When she came back, she had a white lace centerpiece over the shoulders of her long black dress. She had stuck a Montenegrin skull cap on her crinkly white hair, and in each hand she carried a piece of white bread, held like an open prayer book. She goose-stepped lightly into the room, stopped at the head of the table, and screwed her eyes tightly shut. Then she recited over and over again, primly and monotonously, the words of the one sentence she knew in English:

"Pliss - Kondoctor - stop - on - a - nex' - corneesh."

This threw them all into convulsions. "Devil of a woman, stop her," Teta Eva gasped. "She'll kill us."

"That's just how it was," Teta Lubé confirmed, when they finally choked their laughter off. "I swear Yané and I took it harder than the widow or the mother."

"They just sat there with their heads in the air, as if someone was going to pin medals on their chests because they had lost their man," Baba Yané said. "And after it was over, not even a cup-tea for anybody."

They shook their heads and sighed.



"It's hard to understand," my mother said, "with all her relatives. I had to send this child over to make a little life in the house."

"Poor woman." Everybody sighed deeply again. "It's not so easy for her."

When the last sigh died down, Teta Eva began to choke again. "Stop-on-a-nex'-corneesh," she sputtered, and the

laughter spilled out on all sides as if a dam had broken.

I ran away to dodge Baba Yané's next act.

A few weeks later there came a night when none of us could believe that we had once sat around a table and joked about funerals. Djedé Luka died that night, died suddenly as he sat in his big rocking chair and puffed on an after-dinner cigar.

"He was sitting there in that very chair," I heard my mother tell people a hundred times in the next few days. "Nobody in the room but him and me. Everybody but Lubé had left for the christening at Marko's. The last time I looked in his face his eyes were twinkling and he started to make a joke. Then he changed his mind and held his hand out to me and called my name. The next minute he was gone. My name was the last word he spoke."

My mother ran through the house crying. "Lubé! Lubé! There's no more Luka! He's gone! Our Luka's gone."

Teta Lubé took up the cry and flew down the hall wringing her hands. "Our good Luka," she moaned. "Woe to us without him!"

My little brother and I hung around the door of Luka's room and heard Teta Lubé croon to him while my mother phoned the doctor and the rest of the family at the christening party across the street.

Stefano was the first to get back. "Luka, Luka!" he bawled as he climbed the stairs heavily. "What has happened to you, my poor Luka?"

In a half hour the house was crowded with weeping relatives and friends. "When did it happen? How?"

Nobody could believe it. Someone had seen him in the park that afternoon. Others had seen him in the saloon—just three hours ago.

My mother told her story to everyone. After they had decided it must be true—that Luka was really gone—they began to send telegrams to friends and relatives in Nevada, Arizona, and Montana.

"Don't forget Lazar," someone suggested. "He'll come if he has to walk."

"Skip the Dorniches," Teta Lubé said. "They never so much as telegraphed when Djedé Pavlé died."

"Never mind," my mother decided. "Luka's brother was their godfather."

Someone noticed my little brother and me and suggested that we go to bed. "Let them sit up," Teta Lubé ordered. "It isn't every night they lose an uncle like Luka."

I was glad they didn't make me go to bed. I didn't want to go into a dark, lonely room by myself and think about Djedé Luka. He always paid more attention to me than anyone else in the family. He could always fish a present out of his heavy black cape, and he was always thinking up surprises for my brother and me. This very afternoon we had gone to the park with him and walked slowly along Polk Street stopping to look in every confectionery shop window on the way.

"Next Sunday, I'll buy you that one," Djedé Luka had said pointing with his cane to the foamy lemon pie.

We waited outside the saloon for him while he went in for his daily drink of whiskey. When he came out wiping his blond mustache, he had a pocketful of ginger snaps off the free-lunch counter for us.

Now, among all these crying, talking people, it was easy to cry, too. By myself I was afraid I would dry up inside and start thinking about the empty days without Djedé Luka. What about tomorrow and the next day? Would everybody go home and leave our house as dreary and lonesome as Mrs. Brandon's?

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I slept with Teta Lubé that night, and the next morning the house was full of people before I woke up. Some were distant relatives I had never seen before, but from the leanness of them, from their high cheekbones and sunken eyes, I would have known them anywhere for my own.

There was work for everyone. There was no sitting around with folded hands as if something had ended. Justina ground nuts for cakes and even the men sweated over the oven. My cousins and I peeled apples and elbowed each other to see who could answer the doorbell and telephone first.

That night we went to the undertaker to see Djedé Luka. He was dressed in the

the wake, I thought there couldn't be any more, but there were late arrivals at the funeral the next day—relatives who came directly from the train to the parlors. The small section assigned to members of the family was not meant to accommodate fourth and fifth cousins and godfathers, but my father wouldn't hear of a single relative sitting outside the family circle. So we sat huddled together, and friends who came to pay their respects had to reach high over heads or crawl through tight places to shake hands with each and every relative.

I was too engrossed in following the confusion that milled around Djedé Luka's flower-banked coffin to cry. A dozen,



black suit and pleated white shirt he wore at weddings, and he smiled at me. "He's trying to tell you he loves you," my mother said.

We saw other relatives we had never met before. They hugged and kissed us and said that my little brother was the image of Luka.

After all the new relatives we met at

sad-faced, mustached men with gold-fringe halters around their necks looked down with bowed heads on Luka. They were his brothers in the Serbian-Montenegrin Literary and Benevolent Society. After they had gone away, a group of clean-shaven men of all sizes took their places. One said a Masonic ceremony in English and then told the story of Luka's life in

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the Masonic order. Everybody filed past his coffin again and we followed the hearse to church.

The church was small and hot, and after a while everybody began to look weak and flushed from standing. One of the pallbearers had to keep pushing people away from the coffin so they wouldn't step on the priests' robes as they encircled Luka with their burning censers.

Leaving the church was the only part of the funeral that might have embarrassed Djedé Luka. Each member of the family was led to the coffin for a last look and some of my aunts had to be held by a man on both sides.

We drove to the cemetery with shades pulled down, but every once in a while I glanced back and saw a long line of black limousines winding behind us.

Luka's Serbian-Montenegrin lodge brothers were already lined up before the open vault where he was to be buried, when we got to the cemetery. The priest blessed the coffin again in the cemetery chapel and then, chanting in the graveyard stillness, brought it out into the sunlight and turned Luka over to his lodge brothers. One, a tall Montenegrin, in a voice that occasionally broke, told of Luka's gentleness and of his generosity. Another told of the day when newcomers to America gave their savings to Luka because they trusted him more than they did the vaults of the strongest banks.

The sun was lowering when the priest sang his last chant and the pallbearers flung their white gloves and handfuls of dirt after Luka. People broke up into small groups and talked in hushed tones.

Would we go home and leave Luka alone here in the black night? The house would seem strange without him. We wouldn't even have the comfort of his old pug dog, Franz Yosif, and the squawking parrot, for both had given up to old age several months before. It would seem

empty in our house, even with all the regular members of the family there.

A cousin from Nevada came up to my father to say good-bye. "No, no," my father said, pushing his hand aside. "Everybody in the family is coming to our house for supper. Didn't anyone tell you? It's what Luka wanted."

On the drive home we all chattered as if we hadn't spoken for a year.

"Several times I was afraid if I looked at you we would burst out laughing," Teta Lubé said to my mother, as they both pushed back their long, black veils.

"I knew just what you were thinking when Olga Patrovich came in," my mother said.

Teta Lubé giggled. "How Luka used to say, 'Keep that busybody away from me! She'd go through your pockets when you were lying in your coffin.'"

"I think old man Zinkovich was a little bit woozy from wine. I was standing beside Luka when he walked up to look at him and I could swear Luka winked at me."

"What got me," Teta Lubé said, "was when the priest began to chant. Remember how Luka used to say, 'No priest's singing for me when I die. Put Polly up on the coffin and let her do her Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay.'"

They both cried softly, then broke into giggles that were half laughs and half sobs.

At home there was already a houseful. The dining room table had been pulled out so far it reached into the next room. My uncles were pouring out thimblefuls of whiskey and passing them around on trays. The women spluttered and coughed, but the men sipped theirs slowly, rolling the empty glasses between their palms and sniffing them.

"Luka ordered a case of this a month before he died," my father said. "For after his funeral, he told me. Made me promise

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that everyone would have a drink and a good supper."

"Luka knew whiskey," a cousin said, rolling his drink around in his mouth. "I'll never forget when I came to this country and Luka treated me to my first drink."

That started a round of stories. The time Luka ate a whole leg of lamb by himself. The dodges he used, to keep from getting caught by marriage-minded widows. Each man told a story while the women brought out the turkeys and hams.

We were divided into three eating shifts because there was room only for twenty at the table. When my turn came I looked around to see who was eating with me. My father and Luka were not at their accustomed places, at each end. I knew my father was out in the kitchen siphoning out wine, and it seemed to me that Djedé Luka must be there holding the demijohn for him.

"This is the longest this table has ever been," I told everybody.

"Oh, no, it's not," Teta Olga corrected me. "It was this long when your mother celebrated Djedé Luka's name day about three years ago."

"What a celebration!" Lazar said. "That was the night Luka told the stories about his gold-mining days."

He retold some of Djedé Luka's experiences in Virginia City, and everybody else pitched in with something they remembered from that famous night.

"Before Luka was through with them, there was enough food on their shelves to last them for a month," I heard someone in the other room say. "Clothed them, and put money in their pockets, too."

When all three shifts had been fed, my mother called all us children back to the dining room and told us to sit down again. The older people crowded behind us and in the doorways.

When Justina pushed through the

swinging kitchen door, she had a giant-sized lemon pie in her hands.

"Luka promised the children some for next Sunday," my mother said as she cut the pie. "But, in a way, this is Sunday, too."

"Luka never forgot the children," Teta Lubé said, wiping her eyes. "Before Filip could talk he called Luka 'Kek' because he never saw him without a cake box in his hands."

"We'll have a lemon pie from Djedé Luka again some time," my mother promised.

Djedé Luka hadn't really gone away, I thought, as long as the things we remembered about him would always be here.

When the out-of-town relatives left the house, they said they would stay around for a few days. "Not that you'll need us," they told my mother. "You'll have company every day for a month now. But it's hard for us to go and leave Luka right away."

"Come to Luka's parastros," my father said to each one as he left. "Forty days from now to pray for his soul. Just a custom, of course. We will have a big lunch afterwards and more of Luka's whiskey."

Before Teta Eva and Teta Yela went home, they peeked into my room and sat on my bed. "Poor tired Pooritza," Teta Eva said, hugging me.

I held tight to her and thought about all the times I had been mean to her at the coffee table, lately.

"Teta Eva, my darling Teta Eva," I cried kissing her. "When I die I want a big funeral. And serve everybody lemon pie after!"

Milla Logan has signed with Random House for a book based on the Serbian American sketches she has been doing for some time for COMMON GROUND.

The illustrations here are by Bernadine Custer.

NOT JUST TALK

S. RAIZISS

I AM sitting in a cafeteria in Orlando, Florida, breakfasting on bacon and grits, reading the Times, taken with voices. There are tablecloths on the tables and decorated frosted-glass partitions and pale music and busboys to carry your tray. This is a resort cafeteria indeed. The white servers at the counters are polite; the dark boys in white starched coats are very polite. That's as it should be. South, north, east, west.

A northern voice at a table diagonal to mine talks at a passing friend. It is morning fresh. "I'm early today. Seems as though I've been here since last night at dinner. I don't usually get up so early. And how are you? Did you play bridge all evening? You know, I had a hand of hearts and my husband all spades. That's the way things happen sometimes. Are you playing golf today? We're not. We'll be going to the dance tonight. Join us, won't you?"

Natural small talk. The voice is agreeable, vacationing, pleased with its late lot. The theme changes.

"Aren't they polite though! So courteous. The trouble is, up North they have their way too much. The colored don't know what they want. That freedom gets them."

Now I really listen and my head turns and my profile slants across my shoulder. So, they don't know what they want? And do you? Should they want differently from you? You alone human?

"Those Negroes get so rude and rascally, step on your toes, push you around

if you don't watch yourself and them. Northern ways spoil them. Mind you, I respect the black people—they're people, I say. But you can't let them get away with too much. Like here. Here's where they've got to know where they stand—then things go right."

The grits grow cold and my lips freeze and my heart. I can't get the coffee down for the dry tears of frustration that lift from an incessant source. I leave my plate and walk to the neighbor table.

"Excuse me, madam. Couldn't help overtaking your conversation. You're from up North. So am I. We speak the same language, or don't we? Tell me, why cut the colored people off as if they were an unhuman order? Have they two arms and two legs, a nose and a pair of talking lips, a heart and a usable mind? They smell the rose and the magnolia, they see flaming vines and the same sky, the evergreen is green for them and the Spanish moss hangs gray like their fate, they're cold if it's cold, they feel rain when it falls. They have pain and pray and play. They go to school—if we let them; vote—if we let them; suffer and joy and think. They dream. Isn't that our way too? Who made them different?"

The woman's look was not surprised. Her words came right back at me. "But they aren't us. They're black, they're—"

"If your God made them black, He made you white. Did He announce in the afternoon or in the dark of some moon that white is better than black, yellow than brown? What is your dispensation

that you assume the superior shade? Did the Lord tell you so—in what Gospel? I can't for the life of me see why black should be more polite to white than white to black."

"They're ignorant and fawning, or fresh if they think they can get away with it."

"Not more so than a lot of others you could name among the disinherited over the earth. We leave them ignorant and we make them mean. Modern serfs they are. We separate them from the touch and sound of our unrealized civilization. Nothing gave us that right—we take it, carrying on from our worse ancestors. But not our Lincolns told us so. The better tradition never says, 'You blacks step aside, we're passing this way, we're passing ahead.'"

"They're sick and dirty."

"These busboys? Well, why do you let them bring your food, make it, serve it? Their mothers nursed your children, cleaned your houses, slept with you. Think of mulatto beauty—the best of both races."

"That was that. Let them alone. Let them go their way, we go ours. We don't bother them."

"Oh, don't we? This is no laissez-faire. This is our affair. This is a changed and single world. The stirred minds and the thinking hearts say so now. And did we let them alone when we herded tribes and emptied villages? Who brought them here? Would you be content, carried bodily from home and set in the seal of slavery?"

"For heaven's sake, they're not slaves now!"

"No, not exactly. Are they slaves or citizens in the districts of their great separation? In schools, churches, at the polls here, in eating places, in living places, in the sight of the scornors? Our economy and society take them as we please, not as they deserve—being human—and set

them where we say yes, say no. Servants to our nation."

"Why, we give them schools and colleges. They have homes and land. They walk the streets the same."

"What kinds of schools, what tenements and shacks? Show me the land not held largely by the lords of the soil. What side of the street do they walk, and is it all around the clock? Where do they eat? Alone, alone. Like a shunned sector of the states they worked, the country they reared with you and me. Is this a nation of citizen men or a land of calculated creeds?"

"We gave them a chance."

"The chance is still too young. What's worse, we staked it mostly for ourselves and assigned this place and that. Why make the hard harder? The law of the land is for all the land. Who are we to arrogate to ourselves the better space, the sweeter opportunity? It was only a hazard of history that set us high, and not a principle of thought. What have we done with that enlightened theory we won in battles and blood? Man eats man. Is that your choice decision? Are we still in the forest or moving on to other planets?"

"Now there you are! See what goes on in nature. Beasts eat their smaller prey; the strong swallow the weak; flowers eat flies and bees drain flowers; one feeds on another. Would you have us otherwise?"

"And why not? Unless you class yourself with brute and bug. We differ by the length of memory and the depth of the unique mind. And what we are pleased to call our soul. Hearts talk religion and the tongue is glib with the Golden Rule. Or is the Sunday session a time apart?"

"Well . . . I don't harm the Negroes. I for one say live and let live."

"Say it again. No harm done? Perhaps. Think of it. You're hurting someone or

something by every stray word you speak and pass on to the first listener, to the new child. Let me ask you this. You're a lady of imagination. Imagine yourself black. Step into the poor shoe, the shoe that dare not cross before the white one, the shoe that scrapes and must tread soft. Do you care for that? Would you take it easy? Should you be good-natured with it all and stoop and say yes'm and smile inside and out? Would you never question and wonder, never look Godward, ask why and how, how long, oh Lord?"

"Well. . . ."

"Would you turn a page of the Constitution, number the Bill's rights, remember the American coming, the proffers of this nation, the moral privilege and duty of being human? I hear anthropology say something about sweat-glands, and medicine about sickness, and politics about people, and history about origin and change. Adam was black and white: he was a Jew and a Mongol and a Hindu. What we'll be is up to God and His atom. Maybe up to us."

"Maybe."

"Ask yourself. If you were Marian Anderson or Richard Wright or Langston

Hughes or Katherine Dunham. If you were a poet or the girl who pours your second cup of coffee. If you were black."

"I think I had better go now. Thanks for talking to us."

"Wait. Why should these busboys be any more polite than Northerners, than white ones, than I? What inferior fate, if men have not made it, compels them to strange and special codes the rest of us escape? Americans are sporting people. That's our pride: for the equal conduct of men and for fair practice. . . . You are not thanking me at all. I have not talked to you, nor you to me. If I troubled you with words, I am glad. The surface of our soul needs to be troubled. It is scum-covered. It is also deep."

There would have been no thanks. Only rough fury, insult, rejection. There was no such talk. I have been talking to myself, sitting at my own table, needled into a silent jeremiad with general man. Perhaps some neighbor will overhear and hear.

S. Raiziss is a Guggenheim Fellow and a frequent contributor to national periodicals.

HOW TO FIGHT RACE PREJUDICE: SOME SUGGESTIONS

ARNOLD ROSE

A WOMAN whose job required her to have frequent dinners and other social engagements with business men and technical experts from all sections of the country asked me how she should answer expressions of prejudice against Negroes. For no apparent reason the conversation

of these people would quite often drift into a discussion of the Negro problem in the United States, and usually this was an occasion for vituperative condemnations of Negroes in general. The woman was a good liberal who had no background for dealing with this sort of thing, and

HOW TO FIGHT RACE PREJUDICE: SOME SUGGESTIONS

she always felt that she got the worst end of the argument when talking with a vigorously prejudiced person. She was sincerely eager to know what to say.

Prejudice against Negroes is so pervasive and deep-seated that it is one of the most difficult attitudes to change. Changes do occur, however, over a period of years as a result of changed economic, political, and social conditions in the United States, and as a result of efforts by such organizations as the NAACP, the Urban League, and the FEPC. A program to step up the changes in a favorable direction by conscious policy on the part of individuals should take account of the following considerations, I think.

In the white South, anti-Negro prejudice is a very complicated attitude. It is interrelated with nearly every other attitude toward social issues and with many purely personal attitudes as well. It is entrenched by all sorts of sanctions, customary modes of behavior, fear and institutions. In the white North, on the other hand, anti-Negro prejudice is relatively simple. It is based simply on a tradition that the Negro is inferior, dirty, unreliable, and sometimes dangerous. The tradition is a relatively minor one among all the social traditions of the region, and it is not linked up in any systematic way with the others.

In view of the different character of prejudice among white Southerners and Northerners, an attempt to change their attitudes must be different when the attack is directed against a Northerner from that when it is directed against a Southerner. A presentation of facts, so that he can be made to think rationally upon the basis of correct information, is probably the best way to reduce a Northerner's prejudice. Not only the facts of the Negro's biology, but also of the economic and social conditions under which the Negro lives in the South, should be pre-

sented. I have observed a moderately prejudiced Northerner become so shocked by the statement of the fact that Negroes in the South are required to use separate railroad waiting rooms, toilets, and drinking fountains, and that they are frequently not permitted to enter public libraries or public parks, that he has thereafter become observant of all the special difficulties under which Negroes have to labor.

The Southerner knows most of the handicaps that the Negro has to labor under in the South, because he is the one who applies them. He has grown up to believe that discrimination and segregation are the proper order of things. He will not accept the facts of biology. And he resists any appeal to the values of justice and equality with the argument, "Would you want your daughter to marry a nigger?" The attack on the Southerner's prejudice must take into account the fact that it is bound up with his economic security and his attitudes toward sex.

Probably nothing short of a conversion can eliminate an average Southerner's prejudice, but certain lines of attack can have some influence. One is to point to the fact that, despite the Negro's so-called laziness, he is the source of much of the wealth of the South. Who is lazier—the slow-working Negro in the hot cotton fields or the julep-drinking plantation owner on his front porch? A second jolting consideration is why the southern white man is protective about his women. Does he believe the Negro male would be considered a more desirable sexual partner if the white women ever found out about it? A large number of white Southerners claim there is unusual sexual pleasure to be experienced with Negro women.

A third suggestion may be even more startling. With the large infusion of white genes into the Negro group because of the formerly widespread practice of using

Negro mistresses or prostitutes, the Negro population always produced a large number of white-appearing individuals. Thousands of these persons are known to have passed over into the white population every year for at least a hundred years. For this reason, it is not unlikely that the majority of white Southerners outside of the mountain regions have a trace of Negro ancestry. By southern standards, the slightest trace of Negro ancestry is what makes a person a Negro. The Virginia legislature once squelched an investigation of the genealogy of its members because of some initial findings by this investigation. Is any prejudiced Southerner willing to allow a thorough investigation of his own family tree?

A fourth consideration that should constantly be brought before the Southerner is the success of Negroes in all lines of endeavor, and the success of examples of equalitarian social relationships. The southern doctrine of the biological superiority of whites can be weakened by every example of Negro success. The Southerner will be hard pressed to answer the question of who is the better man, he or Paul Robeson, he or George Washington Carver. He will also be disturbed by descriptions of the efficiency of factories that have Negroes and whites working side by side, and of housing projects that have whites and Negroes living in adjacent homes.

It requires considerations such as these to put the Southerner on the defensive. The average Southerner is quite accustomed to take the offensive, and has more often than not succeeded in spreading his attitudes of hate to relatively uncontaminated Northerners. This forcing of a shift to the defensive is an achievement for the one who desires to combat race prejudice, since it may help stop the further propagation of prejudice. Nothing short of a basic conversion will really

eliminate prejudice from the Southerner's mind. This is not to say that a presentation of the facts regarding the handicaps under which Negroes labor should not also be presented to the Southerner. In part his prejudice depends on ignorance, even though it is a deliberate ignorance; and an attack on this ignorance will at least weaken the superstructure, if not the foundation, of his prejudice. Knowledge will also provide him the basis for reconstructing his attitude toward Negroes after the foundations of his prejudice have been undermined. In arguing with a prejudiced person, one has to gauge his attack to the level of prejudice that the person has. If a Southerner is fairly well-educated but is still anti-Negro, one can take the Booker T. Washington line of argument that if the white man is going to hold the Negro in the gutter, he has to stay there himself. If Negroes are going to be left with disease, filth, and low morals, then these things will pervade the whole South. If each individual Negro is not allowed to get the best job he is capable of holding down, then the efficiency of industry is going to be lowered. But for the average poorly educated or moderately educated Southerner, the aggressive arguments suggested earlier will be found most effective, I believe.

Of course it should be understood that the distinction I make here between Southerner and Northerner is not a rigid one. There are people in the North with the "southern" type of mind, and people in the South with the "northern" type of mind. It is just that most of the people in the two regions have the attitudes I have described.

Arnold Rose was assistant to Gunnar Myrdal when the *American Dilemma* study was in progress. Recently discharged from the Army, he is now a fellow of the Social Science Research Council.

• The Press •

THE NEGRO PRESS ON THE FEPC FILIBUSTER

“ . . . The Fair Employment Practices Bill is dead and interred in the nation’s capital—put into its grave by a filibuster of Dixie demagogues and covered with earth by a two-faced crowd of reactionary Northern Republicans.

“The show is over—a show staged for election purposes only. The Northern Republicans now feel safe and think that the votes are in the bag for them. Through a back-door deal, the Dixie crowd was able to doom FEPC and the Northern Republican senators were able to save face and avoid being put on the spot on FEPC. . . .

“The less the GOP says about FEPC in the coming congressional election campaign the better off they will be.

“The same is true of the top command of the Democratic Party which failed miserably to rally and pressure its membership in the Senate behind FEPC. . . .

“Thus again a handful of senators representing eight of the 48 states has been able to block the will of 40 other states. The poll-taxers again have made poll-tax rule the law of the land.

“The total failure of both parties to display any genuine concern for the majority of the people and for the minority who are Negro once again demonstrates the need for a third party which the Defender has spoken of in the past. So long as the South is able to dominate both bodies of Congress through the Democratic majority in the House and Senate, the Negro and progressive Americans cannot hope for any salvation from President Truman or any other nominee of the Democratic Party. So long as double-crossing, Wall-Street-controlled, reactionary Republicans dominate the GOP and constitute the brain

trust of the Republican bloc in Congress, the Negro can have no hope in the party that Lincoln helped to found. . . .

“The time today is not ripe for a third party as yet. The political forces of America are rushing in that direction and one day the great American third party will rise up like the GOP in 1860 to rock the foundations of the land and completely upset the monopoly that the Democratic and Republican parties have held on the political life of America. When that day comes, the Negro will be among the first of the progressive forces of this country to rally behind the third party and make America once again a true democracy.”—*Editorial, Chicago Defender, February 16, 1946.*

“ . . . This filibuster has altered the thinking of Negroes. Many intelligent Negro leaders have been advising Negroes to vote for the best man and ignore party labels. Now Negroes see that in a very real sense, when you vote for a Democratic Congressman or Senator in the North, you are also voting to make McKellar of Tennessee the presiding officer of the Senate, Rayburn of Alabama the presiding officer of the House, and Southern Senators and Congressmen chairmen of most of the key committees. Southern and Northern Democrats are inescapably linked by party ties and congressional rules in Federal elections. These Southerners under the present rule of seniority are bound to inherit these berths when the Democratic party is victorious.

“Negroes are aware of their dilemma; they have no illusions concerning the part the Republican party played in the

FEPC filibuster. They know that Republican Senators are no more favorable to an FEPC than Northern Democratic Senators. They know that Senate and House Republicans have a working alliance with Southern Democratic Representatives to kill liberal legislation. Although the Republican party's record is unsavory, it does not make Southern Democrats chairmen and presiding officers of the House and Senate—Northern Democrats do this.

"It would be folly to say that Southern Democrats are tied as closely to Republicans as they are to their own Northern party members, and the Negro's fight is primarily against the South. Almost every legislative bill of special concern to Negroes deals mainly with conditions in the South. It is foolhardy to put your worst enemy in power.

"If improved living conditions are to come to the eight million Negroes of the South, it must be forced from without through Federal laws and not through the voluntary action of the Southern States. There is not the slightest hope of enacting laws particularly favorable to Negroes while a Democratic Congress is in power. For the South will control the party so long as Congressional rules remain unchanged, and there is not a possible chance of changing these rules under the Democratic administration, as the Rules Committee of both the House and Senate are controlled by Southern Democrats.

"It is a hard choice, for we are fully aware of the Republican party's indifference to the rights and aspirations of Negroes, but the filibuster has made it crystal clear that there is no other intelligent choice for Negroes but to vote the Republican ticket in national elections until the Democratic party is rescued from Southern domination."—*Editorial, Pittsburgh Courier, February 16, 1946.*

"'For those of us from the South, this is a fight for principles and not politics, and for that reason we shall win,' said Senator Maybank of South Carolina. 'The FEPC is against the ideals which the southern people have always stood for.'

"The above statement intrigues me. To characterize a fight against a fair employment practices act—and a totally unethical fight at that—as one for 'principle' seems almost fantastic at first blush. But we can't dismiss it as mere demagogic cant or southern logic. Somehow or other, we as Negroes must learn to understand more fully the type of thinking behind such a stand.

"It really isn't just Senator Maybank speaking; it is the South speaking through him. Whether or not HE actually believes what he is saying is not important. The overwhelming majority of the White South believe it, and that is important.

"In a recent book by Hal Steed entitled 'Georgia: Unfinished State,' one finds the following startling sentence: 'I would not say that the Anglo-Saxon is superior to other races, but that this race makes up nearly one hundred per cent of the population of the South augurs well for unity—unity in political beliefs, in religion, in social problems.'

"'Nearly one hundred per cent Anglo-Saxon'—you immediately ask. What about the Negroes? Mr. Steed's answer would be, I imagine, 'I am talking about the people that count.'

"I will not try to answer Mr. Steed here. . . . But I am interested in Mr. Steed's 'social blindness.' Maybank's statement unconsciously implies a stand similar to that of Steed. If you leave the Negro out of the picture, the senator's remarks make sense. He is a belated Jeffersonian, fighting for the ideals of state's rights and no-government-interference. The southern people have always stood

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for these principles, and they fought a war to preserve them—a war started, incidentally, by Senator Maybank's own state.

"And although these principles are now terribly outmoded, they would still have some validity if there were no Negroes in South Carolina. The Negroes are there, however—very much there—and neither Mr. Steed nor Senator Maybank can wish them out of the picture. But they can do something far more effective, and, for us, far more tragic; they can ignore the Negro.

"They can rise to power damning the Negro and keeping him in his place, they can scare the poor white into docility and submission by the Negro bogey, they can build their fortunes upon cheap labor, they can create their literature out of the Negro's experience, they can wax sentimental or expansive over their authoritative knowledge of the Negro, they can love, cherish and protect one Negro as though he were a brother; and they can forget the Negro—completely and totally.

"Each group has its prejudices, its 'blind spot,' but that of the southern white is perhaps the blindest to be found in our nation. And yet that same weakness is the source of a great and fanatic strength. When fifty-five per cent of the people (the ratio in several states) can condition themselves to believe that for

some purposes the remaining forty-five per cent do not exist, they have created a psychological and spiritual weapon which is terrible in its power.

"The Negro must understand that the usual weapons of logical protest are futile against this paranoiac strength. He must understand that he can never become an integral part of the South so long as this type of 'blindness' prevails, and the chances are it will be with us for a long time yet. And knowing these things, he will see that the Maybanks are much more formidable than he ever imagined. It is pretty hard to do anything with a group which can, on occasion, assume your non-existence.

"The only bright spot I can see in this FEPC fight is that a few northerners like Senator Chavez and Senator Morse are beginning to learn what the Negroes have long known: that the breakdown of majority rule in the Senate will inevitably down democracy in America.

"When Americans in general realize this fact, there will be no more filibusters, no more circumvention of honest legislation by a pressure minority. Perhaps then, though I am not too sure about it, the Maybanks and the Steeds will begin to 'include' the Negro in ALL of their thinking."—From a regular column, "*With a Grain of Salt*," by Arthur P. Davis in the *Norfolk Journal and Guide*, February 16, 1946.

ANSWERING A WANT AD

"On Thursday, Jan. 17, Mrs. Mary Blake, a resident of the Altgeld Gardens Homes [Chicago], answered a blind want-ad for office workers. She gave her address, her qualifications, and her experience to the telephone interviewer, who appeared to be perfectly satisfied that she

was the kind of person for the job. When she was invited to come to the offices of the Silvercup Bakery who had run the want-ad, she informed the interviewer that she would be glad to come but also asked if it made any difference to the company that she was a Negro.

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"The interviewer apparently found it difficult to believe and asked her several times if she was sure she was a Negro. Indeed, the interviewer even argued with her and told her that Negroes don't live in the neighborhood of her address! Mrs. Blake, however, stubbornly insisted that she was Negro. (It must have been a silly-sounding conversation!)

"Finally convinced, the interviewer withdrew the invitation to a personal interview. She explained that the Silvercup Bakery did not employ Negroes as office help. Mrs. Blake was annoyed. She promptly went to her co-op store, the Altgeld Gardens Consumers Co-operative, and told the story to Mr. Wilmoth Bowen, the manager.

"The remainder of this tale is a case-history in the utter necessity of consumer co-operation among Negroes. Altgeld Co-op, in spite of its youth and difficult beginnings, is already the largest Negro-owned and operated food store and supermarket in the United States, partly because of its fortunate situation in the heart of a great housing project, but largely because of the loyalty and vision of those members and staff-workers of the co-operative movement who saw the opportunity and grasped it.

"As soon as Bill Bowen heard Mrs. Blake's story, he shut down on Silvercup Bread. He erected a large sign in the store with the following message: 'No, neighbor, No Silvercup Bread. On Jan. 17, one of our Altgeld residents answered an ad for a typist at the Silvercup Bread Company. She is fully qualified to handle the job, but was advised that they don't hire COLORED for that type of work. Altgeld residents need employment. This bread concern collects over \$7,000 a year in this community. We, therefore, protest their employment practices by refusing to handle their bread. Your Altgeld Co-op.'

"Of course, community support in the

Altgeld homes for their co-op was instantaneous and enthusiastic. Officials of the Silvercup Company came racing out to the co-op to beg Mr. Bowen to remove the sign. They brought forward a whole assortment of Negro porters, car-washers, janitors, and scrubber-uppers to testify to the fairness of the company's employment policy. But Bill would not be budged. As manager of the store that is Silvercup's second largest retail outlet in Chicago, he wanted to make full use of the strength of his position.

"Silvercup Bakery has made amends. They promptly hired Mrs. Blake as a demonstrator (and she was sent to Altgeld Co-op on her first demonstrating job) and a Negro comptometer operator. They are considering seriously, at the co-op's insistence, the hiring of Negro sales managers and drivers and salesmen.

"Other companies supplying the co-op have not been unconscious while all this was going on, of course, and there is reason to believe that they too are reconsidering their employment policies. Actually, Silvercup's policies, long before this incident, were better than those of most other businesses. Some 25 per cent of their employes are Negroes, although they were until now exclusively in the least desirable positions.

"This entire incident, Billy Bowen believes, is only the beginning in educating the Negro consumer in the co-operative use of his economic power. There are many more victories to come. This incident was closed when a second sign was put up in the co-op store: 'Yes, Silvercup Bread is back. The firm is employing two colored girls. Thanks for your support and militant stand. UNITED CONSUMERS AND WORKERS MARCH ON!' "—From a regular column, "Second Thoughts," by S. I. Hayakawa in the Chicago Defender, February 9, 1946.

• The Common Council at Work •

A ONE WORLD AWARD, to recognize and encourage contributions to the "one world" idea, particularly in the fields of mass communication such as press, radio, and motion pictures, has been established by the Common Council for American Unity and the Willkie Memorial of Freedom House. Announcement of the award and of the winner for 1946 was made by former Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, on behalf of the two organizations, at a dinner in honor of Wendell Willkie's 54th birthday held in New York on February 18. The award will be a world-circling air trip, patterned after Mr. Willkie's historic flight in 1942. Air transportation for this year's award has been guaranteed by friends of Mr. Willkie. It is the hope of the sponsoring organizations that the One World Award can be announced annually on Willkie's birthday and that a national memorial committee will be organized to co-operate with them in completing plans to insure perpetuation of the award in the years to come.

This year's award, Mr. LaGuardia announced, is being given to Mr. Norman Corwin, "whose inspired writing for radio and other media makes him a worthy recipient of this distinction as the first of the Willkie travelers who will circle the globe." Mr. Corwin is to start on his trip later in the year.

Mr. Corwin, in accepting the award, said: "Wendell Willkie's concept of One World has just begun to fight. It has on its side certain considerable resources, such as the ardent yearning for peace and freedom of billions of people. It has the virtue, in a world not distinguished for cool reasoning, of being logical. When the logic and truth of his great dream is translated to all peoples, and absorbed

and shared and implemented by them, then the world of Wendell Willkie will come about. Then we shall be able to dismiss the fear of being vaporized suddenly and without warning. Then we can talk sensibly and confidently about the fruitful and abundant life.

"In the meantime, here and now, by the instrument of the high honor and responsibility which you entrust to me and to those who will succeed me, you are seeing to it that Wendell Willkie's concept circles the earth in a kind of annual orbit."

HEARINGS ON THE GOSSETT BILL, H.R. 3663, which proposes to cut existing immigration quotas 50 per cent for the next ten years, began in Washington on February 21 before the Committee on Immigration and Naturalization of the House of Representatives. The Common Council is actively working to make the important issues involved more fully understood by the country and in Congress. It believes that any reduction in immigration quotas at this time is against the best interests of the United States for the reasons set forth in the following resolution, adopted in February by its Board of Directors:

"RESOLVED, that the Common Council for American Unity, although as a general policy it takes no stand on the number of immigrants who should be admitted to the United States, declare its judgment that any cut in existing immigration quotas at this time

"(1) would violate the moral and humanitarian obligation resting on the United States to do its share in helping to provide for displaced and refugee men, women, and children abroad who must find new homes as a result of the war;

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"(2) would contravene the 'common decency and the fundamental comradeship of human beings' which President Truman recently invoked in directing our officials to facilitate the immigration, within existing quotas and existing laws, of these war sufferers, particularly orphaned children;

"(3) would set the world a harmful example, raise doubt as to our good faith in requesting other nations to open their doors, and make it more difficult to develop that mutual respect, co-operation, and understanding between nations on which an enduring peace depends;

"(4) would make for disunity at home, since it would arouse deep disappointment among millions of Americans with refugee or displaced relatives or kinsmen abroad; and

"(5) would be contrary to our own time-honored tradition of asylum, one of the cornerstones on which the greatness and freedom of our country are founded, and against the best interests both of the United States and of the world."

AT A BROTHERHOOD WEEK PROGRAM, arranged by the Common Council in co-operation with the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, Freedom House, and the National Conference of Christians and Jews on February 19 in New York, Congressman Charles M. LaFollette of Indiana, one of the speakers, made the following very practical and refreshing suggestions for promoting better understanding:

"Brotherhood," he said, "is a lusty, hardy thing. It must arise out of our contacts with each other, on the sidewalks, in the drugstores, in the tavern, in the subways, on the job, at the prize fight and the ball park. These are the places where men come in contact with each other most often. And these are the

places where human beings are human. Consequently, it is in these daily contacts that the characters of individuals are laid bare. Some of us push and crowd and some of us stand back a little. It is in these circumstances and at these times that we learn and therefore should remember that all men inherently want to push a little, elbow a little, take an advantage a little, ask for service out of order a little. These things are inherent in man. It is in these contacts that an "I'm sorry," "I beg your pardon," "Go ahead," "Where is the end of the line?" as they are dropped into the maelstrom of daily activities, do more to create goodwill, mutual understanding and the liking of individuals for individuals, which is the essence of brotherhood, than all of the speeches made at all the formal brotherhood meetings, where people are consciously on their good behavior, can ever accomplish."

THE COUNCIL'S RELEASES to 900 foreign-language newspapers, its radio bulletin to 500 foreign-language broadcasters and program directors, and its technical information service to several hundred local agencies continue to go out week after week. Titles of a few of the recent articles sent to the foreign-language press will suggest the wide range of educational material covered. "Chester Bowles on Wages and Prices," "Fifty-seven Million Jobs," "The British Loan as an Investment," "Food, Coal, and Transportation—Europe's Great Needs," "Victory Clothing Collection," "State Department Plans Overseas Information Service," "Children Out of School," "The Status of Puerto Rico," "Questions and Answers on Immigration and Naturalization," "Lincoln, the President," "Better Health Service in Rural Communities." Recent Interpreter Releases, the Council's technical

information service, have included important bulletins on such topics as: "Admission of Alien Spouses and Alien Minor Children of Citizen Members of Our

Armed Forces," and "Facilitating the Immigration of Displaced Persons to the United States: the President's Directive of December 22, 1945."

• Miscellany •

COMMON GROUND AUTHORS are much in the headlines at the moment. Jo Sinclair's *Wasteland* has won the \$10,000 award in the twelfth Harper Prize Novel Contest. Miss Sinclair's first novel, it is the study of an immigrant Jewish family, more particularly the story of John Brown, born Jake Braunowitz, who is fiercely ashamed of his family and his Jewishness. In a larger sense it is the story of many second-generation Americans who are all too often what Louis Adamic calls "cultural zeros," inhabitants of "wastelands" of their fears and frustrations. How, through the help of a psychiatrist, Jake begins to understand his heritage and grow roots again to make his wasteland productive is Miss Sinclair's story. "Red Necktie," back in the Spring 1941 issue, was Jo Sinclair's first contribution to COMMON GROUND (and incidentally one of the most widely anthologized pieces we have ever published). Later contributions include "I, Too, Sing America," Autumn 1942, the story of Karamu House in Cleveland; and "Freedom's Blood," Spring 1944, the story of the blood donations of Cleveland's nationality groups during the war.

Fannie Cook, another frequent contributor to CG, has won Doubleday's first George Washington Carver Memorial Award for \$2,500 for the volume judged the most effective contribution to the understanding of Negro life in America. The book, Mrs. Palmer's *Honey*, tells the

story of Honey Hoop, of St. Louis, once maid for the Palmers, now war worker, who grows from defeatism on the race problem to become the CIO's Honey, finding in the ways of the new unions a true working together without regard for skin color. Mrs. Cook's most recent appearance in COMMON GROUND was in the Winter 1946 issue, with her story, "Mothers." Other contributions include the story of "Carrie King Bowles," Autumn 1941; "A Killer's Knife Ain't Holy," Summer 1942; and "Seeds Without Soil," Spring 1943.

Other CG authors with books in the wind include Milla Logan, whose Serbian American sketches in our pages have attracted the attention of several publishers. Mrs. Logan has signed with Random House for a book based on the CG stories. Publication date is still uncertain.

Carey McWilliams' *Southern California Country* comes from Duell, Sloan and Pearce in March. CG readers have had a foretaste of this volume in the Autumn 1945 and Winter 1946 issues with "Cathay in Southern California" and "Southern California: Ersatz Mythology." Mr. McWilliams is also working on a book on Mexican Americans for Lippincott's *Peoples of America* series, to be edited by Louis Adamic.

Elizabeth Colman, whose pictures in the interracial housing series in the Autumn 1945 issue of CG will come vividly to mind, has done a pictorial vol-

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ume on Chinese Americans called *Chinatown: U.S.A.*, which John Day will publish as an Asia Press Book in May.

Miné Okubo, well-known Japanese American artist, whose cuts have been appearing in CG, and whose paintings and drawings of scenes in the Relocation Centers the Common Council is sending on tour to museums and organizations nationally, has a graphic volume on evacuation coming from Columbia University Press in the late spring or early summer. Evacuated with other Japanese Americans from the West Coast in 1942, Miss Okubo at once set herself the task of documenting from the inside the whole story of evacuation. Thousands of sketches resulted. Some were developed into paintings, others into finished drawings which are brought together now in the forthcoming Columbia volume with brief accompanying text.

The Papashvils are at work on a volume of Georgian folk tales, as told by George and recorded by Helen. Eventually the stories by Helen Papashvily appearing recently in COMMON GROUND may be woven together with others about her family and made into a book, but the prospects for this are not immediate.

Langston Hughes has been doing the lyrics for a musical version of Elmer Rice's *Street Scene*, the music by Kurt Weill.

Frank Yerby's first novel, *The Foxes of Harrow*, published in February by Dial Press already has 600,000 copies in print. One of Mr. Yerby's stories appears in this issue (page 41) and an earlier one was published in the Summer 1945 issue, "Roads Going Down."

Pauli Murray ("An American Credo," Winter 1945, and "For Franklin Delano Roosevelt," Summer 1945) has just been appointed Deputy Attorney General in the Sacramento office of the California Department of Justice by California At-

torney General Robert W. Kenny. Top honor graduate from Howard University Law School in 1944, Miss Murray's graduate work in law at the University of California in Berkeley was in the field of minority rights. Her Master's thesis was on "The Right to Equal Opportunity in Employment." She passed the bar and obtained her Master's in law in October 1945, and was admitted to the California Bar in December 1945.

"THE PROBLEM OF EDUCATIONAL BIAS" comes in for Dr. Alvin Johnson's scrutiny in the February 11, 1946 Bulletin of the New School for Social Research (66 West 12th Street, New York City 11). Dr. Johnson is the recently retired head of the New School and was chairman of the New York State study of discrimination in industry which eventuated in the passage of New York's FEPC law. Dr. Johnson has this to say:

"The State of New York has pioneered in attacking the problems of discrimination in employment on grounds of race, color, religion, and national origin. No employer in the State can feel easy if his employment practices run counter to the law. Everyone recognizes that the law is slow-footed; but the law is on the move. Discrimination is incompatible with democratic principles, and American democracy is slowly but surely advancing toward translating its principles from the condition of pious wishes to the condition of effective realities. It is to be noted that in the overwhelming body of opinion marshalled in support of the New York anti-bias law the most dynamically democratic groups, the labor organizations, were the most uncompromising.

"It is known to all that an ever widening range of employment is accessible only to those who have the appropriate education and training. If the citizens of New York are to have equal opportunity

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in employment they must have equal opportunity in education. It is absurd for the great State of New York to declare solemnly that discrimination in employment shall cease, while permitting autonomous educational institutions, enjoying the vital privilege of tax exemption, to bar the road to education on grounds abhorrent to State policy.

"Discrimination in education must go. The only pertinent question is whether the educational institutions will recognize the drift of the times and clean house

"One still hears the sage argument that if our educational institutions give up their secret but effective quota systems they will be swamped with Jews. They are now swamped with Gentiles and still keep their heads above water. But what has the distinction Jew and Gentile to do with education, scholarship? Can any honest educational institution profit by preferring the less able to the more able student, the less able professor to the more able?

"Almost every week an eager and prom-



"I told her our ancestors came on the Mayflower and it *still* didn't make any difference."

themselves, or will await the passage of a law with teeth in it. It can be no secret that if a bill withdrawing tax exemption from institutions that discriminate were introduced in Albany it would pass. And the discriminating institutions would be wise in investing no hopes in their ability to evade the law. Legal dentition improves year by year.

ising student consults me about his educational career. He'd like to go to College X, but the Jewish quota is already filled. It is the same with Colleges Y and Z. I've known this lad from childhood. I know his parents and grandparents. I know that he would be a credit to any institution that admitted him. What can I say? I can only say: Go to one of the

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great Western State Universities, where you may not enjoy, perhaps, the prestige of century old tradition, but where you will be treated as an American among Americans, not as a semi-American to be controlled by a quota.

"It is agreed by students of education that the most desirable system of educational regulation is self regulation by the institution. The college or university should determine for itself the qualifications of Faculty members and of students seeking admission. But this priceless privilege will be lost unless the educational institutions adopt promptly the principle: No discrimination on grounds that are an abomination to any honest democracy."

A NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICE, Pictures for Democracy, has been established by the Council Against Intolerance. This will provide a centralized source of pictures from which editors, educators, and organizations may obtain, on short notice, the kind of photographs that show the mutual advantages to be gained in a living democracy. The work of photographers from all over the country will be used.

The library of pictures, says the prospectus, will contain photographs dealing with what each group in our population has contributed to American life and culture; with problems and gains in the promotion of intergroup relationship; with progressive and workable methods in citizenship education. The collection will graphically show that good neighborliness and mutual tolerance bring benefit to all Americans regardless of differences in national, racial, or religious heritage.

Alexander Alland, author and co-author of a number of books including *American Counterpoint* and *The Springfield Plan*, and long familiar to COMMON GROUND readers for his photographs, will

be the director of the new service. Further information may be obtained from Mr. Alland at Pictures for Democracy, 59 West 56th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

AMONG THE PAMPHLETS and miscellaneous material of interest to CG readers we list the following:

"Voting Restrictions in the 13 Southern States," a report by the Committee of Editors and Writers of the South, 502 Chamber of Commerce Building, Atlanta 3, Georgia. Free.

"The Refugees Are Now Americans," by Maurice R. Davie and Samuel Koenig, Public Affairs Pamphlet No. 111, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20. 10 cents.

"Education for Cultural Unity," the 17th Yearbook of the California Elementary School Principals' Association, 1945. Subject matter includes accounts of personal experience as members of discriminated-against groups; intergroup problems as viewed by students of anthropology, sociology, economics, psychology, and religion; issues in intercultural education; techniques for developing intergroup understandings, co-operation, and goodwill; and a general survey of the literature and teaching aids in the field of intercultural education. Contributors include Dr. Alain Locke, D'Arcy McNickle, Dr. W. Lloyd Warner, Larry Tajiri, Dr. Monroe E. Deutsch, Dr. Paul S. Taylor, Dr. Allison Davis, Loren Miller, and Dr. Rachel Davis DuBois. A valuable and stimulating job. Available from the California Elementary School Principals' Association, Care of Sarah L. Young, Parker School, Oakland 3, California. \$1.00.

"A Guide to Race Relations for Police Officers," a police training bulletin by Davis McEntire and Robert B. Powers. First tested in Richmond, California, the training course outlined proved so successful that Attorney General Robert W.

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Kenny is distributing the training bulletin to all sheriffs and police chiefs in California. Available free through the American Council on Race Relations, 32 West Randolph Street, Chicago 1, Illinois.

"Danish American Life and Letters," a bibliography compiled by Enok Mortensen of what the Danish American has written and what has been written about him. Available from the Committee on Publications, Grand View College, Des Moines, Iowa. \$1.25.

Available now in the 25 cent paperback Pelican Books is Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, originally published by Houghton Mifflin. By showing that American cultures represent a whole range of integrated patterns of behavior

that shape our actions, Dr. Benedict sweeps aside a mass of prejudice and puts in a new light the dilemma of the individual and society. 25 cents at bookstands, drugstores, and all other outlets that carry Penguin books.

"Postwar Employment and the Negro Worker" by John A. Davis and Marjorie McKenzie Lawson in this issue may be had in reprint form from the Council office. 10¢ a copy. Quantity rates on request.

"United States Indian Administration as a Laboratory of Ethnic Relations," by John Collier, reprinted from the September 1945 issue of *Social Research*. Available from the Institute of Ethnic Affairs, 1719 K Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. No price indicated.

• The Pursuit of Liberty •

CONDUCTED BY MILTON R. KONVITZ

THE RESTRICTIVE COVENANT AGAIN WEAKENED

NOT LONG ago Mr. Justice Traynor wrote a notable concurring opinion in a California Supreme Court case involving Pasadena property subject to a covenant which provided that no person shall live upon the property "whose blood is not entirely that of the Caucasian race." The opinion pointed out that Negroes migrating into urban communities have found barriers at every turn; that racial segregation has kept the sections occupied by Negroes fatally unwholesome places, a menace to the health, morale, and decency of cities. "Race restriction agreements . . . must yield to the public interest in the sound development of the whole community." But the decision of the court in this case (*Fairchild v. Raines*) was not

put squarely on the ground that covenants in deeds which bar occupancy by specific racial groups are void as against public policy. The ground of the decision was that the restrictive covenant was unenforceable because a considerable portion of the persons living in the district were Negroes, because the adjoining property was occupied by Negroes, so that enforcement of the covenant would merely injure the defendant without benefiting the plaintiff.

At the end of last October, however, the Supreme Court of Ontario, in the first Canadian restrictive covenant case, held invalid a covenant that the land in question was "not to be sold to Jews or persons of objectionable nationality," on the

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ground that its enforcement would be against the public interest. The decision is worthy of serious and general notice, for it will prove a helpful, persuasive, even if not a strictly binding, precedent in future American cases.

The case was a "friendly" suit brought by the owner of the land to declare the restrictive covenant assumed by him when he purchased the land illegal. The Canadian Jewish Congress appeared in the case as *amicus curiae*.

In his opinion for the court Mr. Justice Mackay pointed out that he could find no British or Canadian precedents directly in point. To determine where the public interest lies, the court turned to the Racial Discrimination Act of Ontario, adopted in 1944, which provides that no person shall publish or display any notice indicating an intention to discriminate against any person for any purpose because of his race or creed, and to other Ontario acts which prohibit racial or religious discrimination in specific relationships. The court also quoted passages from statements by Roosevelt, Churchill, and de Gaulle indicating an intention on the part of these leaders in their official capacities to end the type of discrimination which the restrictive covenant would perpetuate. The court also referred to the fact that the present Master of Titles at Toronto has not knowingly permitted anyone to register deeds containing restrictive covenants of a discriminatory character. The San Francisco Charter, which the Dominion Parliament has ratified, affirms faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, and in the equal rights of men, and each of the signatory nations is pledged to promote universal respect for and observance of "human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion."

The covenant is obnoxious to the public good, said the court, for the principle of the covenant might be generalized and applied to Protestants, Catholics, or other groups; and if one piece of land may be restricted, the sale of all other pieces of land may likewise be restricted. "In my opinion," said Mr. Justice Mackay, "nothing could be more calculated to create or deepen divisions between existing religious and ethnic groups in this province, or in this country, than the sanction of a method of land transfer which would permit the segregation and confinement of particular groups to particular business or residential areas, or conversely, would exclude particular groups from particular business or residential areas."

The absence of constitutional provisions with respect to restrictive covenants, said the court, is not a serious drawback, for the common law courts have, by their actions over the years, made use of the doctrine of public policy as an active agent in the promotion of the public welfare, and this doctrine of public policy outlaws the covenant.

It is interesting to note that the court held the covenant illegal for several additional reasons. (1) It is invalid as a restraint on alienation. A principle of the common law is that land should be freely alienable. Perhaps if the covenant in the case had been limited as to time or to the life of the immediate grantee, it would not have been open to this objection. (2) The covenant is void for uncertainty. This is certainly true of the phrase "persons of objectionable nationality." No legal meaning could possibly be given to such vague terms. In so far as the term "Jews" is concerned, the court said that this, too, is vague and uncertain. The court cited a 1943 decision of the House of Lords in which the phrase "of Jewish parentage" was held to be uncertain.

What the Supreme Court of Ontario

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said and held in this case (*Application of Drummond Wren*) should prove very helpful in cases in the United States involving restrictive covenants affecting Negroes, Jews, Orientals, and Mexicans on the West Coast. (See "Restrictive Covenants," by G. Eleanor Kimble, in *COMMON GROUND*, Autumn 1945.)

The recently-published *Black Metropolis*, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton (which deserves a place alongside Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*), graphically illustrates the serious social ills that follow from the establishment of racial ghettos through the use of the restrictive covenant. Of Chicago's 370,000 Negroes, over ninety per cent live in the Black Ghetto. While other (language or national) ghettos have become broken up with the passage of time, the Negro area has become increasingly more concentrated. Expansion of the area virtually ceased by 1940, though newcomers continued to pour in. Up to 1925 Negroes in Chicago were kept out of other areas by bombings—between 1917 and 1921 fifty-eight homes had been bombed—but since then the restrictive covenant has been the chief instrument of exclusion. By 1930 three-fourths of all residential property in the city was bound by such covenants. While the validity of these covenants has been attacked in the Illinois courts, and attempts have been made to have them declared invalid by legislation, no relief has so far come from either the courts or the legislators.

Drake and Cayton well point out that restrictive covenants subordinate and segregate Negroes. They confine Negroes to the Black Belt and limit the Black Belt to the most run-down areas of the city. There is a tendency, too, to make the Negro community the dumping ground for vice, poor-quality merchandise, and inferior

white city officials. Housing is allowed to deteriorate and social services are generally neglected. Yet the Negro does not attack residential segregation violently. What the Negro wants is more room, "a larger Black Belt, one not confined to the deteriorated slum areas of the city," say Drake and Cayton. "White people, however, usually interpret the attack upon restrictive covenants as the expression of a wish to scatter about the city, and they are disturbed by the prospect." The fact is that Negroes want only a normal expansion, a normal development in their housing problem, particularly the right to move into areas contiguous to the Black Belt. For residential segregation is supported not only by the attitudes of white people, but also by Negro politicians, businessmen, preachers, and civic leaders, all of whom "have a vested interest in maintaining a solid and homogeneous Negro community where their clientele is easily accessible." Negroes are ambivalent about residential segregation, the authors point out: "they see a gain in political strength and group solidarity, but they resent being compelled to live in a Black Belt."

Were it not for the restrictive covenant, defended by property owners' associations and the Chicago Real Estate Board, the Negro community would have had a normal development. Instead, 90,000 Negroes live in a square mile, as contrasted with 20,000 white persons living in a square mile in adjacent apartment-house areas.

The attack on the restrictive covenant in the courts will continue, with a larger measure of success than has been true heretofore; but at the same time ways must be sought to change the attitude of most Americans who, according to a *Fortune* poll, favor residential segregation. The evils of this segregation affect not only those restricted to the ghettos, but the community as a whole.

• Intergroup Education •

CONDUCTED BY LEO SHAPIRO

MRS. IRENE M. LANSING, a teacher in West Seattle High School in Seattle, has sent this department classroom material in intergroup education prepared for the intercultural workshop at Stanford. This is a ten-page unit for an eleventh-grade speech class: "Toward Preparing Students for the Return to Seattle of Japanese Americans."

In her introduction, Mrs. Lansing points up the need for this kind of classroom work. "If a group is to work out some real problem, the students themselves must feel that the matter is important and that it concerns them. I suggest that Seattle, facing the return to their homes of Japanese Americans, has a problem that should concern the schools. Negroes, moved in to supply the needs of wartime industry, have had a sorry welcome. . . . It is . . . increasingly evident that we have not given and do not give consideration to Negroes, nor to Japanese, nor to Chinese who come to our country and become the parents of American citizens. It is discouragingly clear that 'The American Philosophy' and everyday practices in the United States are not harmonized."

Mrs. Lansing then goes on to list the various aids in the field available to teachers and students: organizations, books, periodicals, and newspapers (COMMON GROUND is one of six items), audio-visual materials, bibliographies (including the helpful Bibliography of Japanese in America prepared by the War Relocation Authority), radio scripts.

Then comes the general plan. First, there would be an exploratory test to determine the social attitudes of the students, who would thereby be assisted in discovering their own prejudices. This is

followed by a reading program, each student building up his own reading list, and by a discussion of the reading materials; special work would be done on newspapers, editorial policies, columnists, comparative handling of the same news, and advertisers supporting the paper. Then there would be a class discussion of the general problem of discrimination—racial, ethnic, religious, socio-economic—with the discussion focusing on the future status of Japanese Americans in Seattle.

The most important part of the work, Mrs. Lansing points out, is represented by the next step: the investigation. The students are expected at this point to "study the community with a view to deciding what shall be done about the return of the Japanese Americans, and what position they, personally, will take regarding it." Each student plans his own field of inquiry, but his investigation will include the history of Japanese Americans in Seattle, the "past attitudes of Seattle people toward Japanese and Japanese Americans," the "relocation of the Japanese," the "groups opposing the return of Japanese Americans to Seattle," the "groups favoring the return of Japanese Americans to Seattle," and data about Japanese Americans and their personal friends. During this investigation, all kinds of techniques can be utilized: interviews, visits to ethnic centers, outside speakers, reading materials, film and radio materials.

After the students have organized their notes, a class discussion ensues in the course of which each student presents his own facts and principles regarding the future status of Japanese Americans in the community. The group would then "formulate the principles by which this ques-

tion should be settled," and would utilize the data and conclusions in a project or combination of projects. Mrs. Lansing lists several, among them a documentary play based on their findings and experience materials. Here the entire class would plan the play, write it, and act in it before groups in and out of the school.

Possibly the students might prefer to produce materials for radio—plays, panel discussions, interviews. Or there could be an all-school assembly on the subject (it would probably be better to have a series of assemblies), using student speakers and talent as well as outside resources. "I am here assuming," Mrs. Lansing says parenthetically, "that after the investigation, the class members will desire to act democratically." There might be an attitude test given as a follow-up of that given at the beginning of the project. A good adaptation of the assembly idea would be Mrs. Lansing's suggestion of a panelogue, consisting of a team of four or five competent student speakers—one a Japanese American—who would present the subject before classes, churches, and community groups.

Various other projects are suggested. The students could set up a visual-aid service, and distribute posters and films, supported by a discussion which they would plan. They could have a writing service to prepare and circulate editorials and articles in the school paper and elsewhere. Finally, there could be a problem-solving debate, which differs from the traditional debate in that there is no negative or affirmative. The question is a problem, and the speakers analyze the history, attempted solutions, tentative solutions, criteria by which to evaluate these solutions. The crucial phase is that in which a "student evaluator judges the solutions and chooses that plan, or the parts of all plans, which he thinks most desirable." The value of such a debate—

in addition to its manifest virtues of spontaneity and informality—is that it centers the attention of students not on the solutions of a problem alone, but more on the criteria which one ought to keep in mind in judging a good solution.

The pamphlet concludes with a brief bibliography for a problem-solving debate on this question, and with some excellent lines on the problem of indifference to social issues from Margaret Walker's poem, "For My People":

*"Ours is a struggle from a too-warm bed
Too cluttered with a patience full of
sleep.
Out of this blackness, we must struggle
forth."*

So far, Mrs. Lansing's students have been doing good "missionary" work. "They have brought in four outside speakers, two films, and a recording, all of which have been shared with other classes," she writes. "Next month . . . they will have two more outside speakers, the recording 'An Open Letter,' and an all-school assembly with minority group speakers. . . . One boy hopes to give the film strip, 'All Men Are Brothers' . . . to a group outside of school he knows to be prejudiced."

Mrs. Lansing's project has thus become even more broad-gauged than might have been expected: her students have "branched out into the whole proposition of combating bigotry." The subject of Japanese Americans has been normalized against a background of related social problems in Seattle, instead of being considered relatively in a kind of isolation. As long as a project or program is dynamic, it will necessarily become concerned with "the whole proposition."

In Jordan Junior High School in Minneapolis, interesting work is being done by Sigvald Stoylen, a civics instructor.

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Mr. Stoylen attended the intercultural workshop at the University of Minnesota last summer and decided to work out some projects with his ninth-grade class. In the autumn, he set up twelve special meetings with his class and others on twelve successive days. The program of events went as follows: an opening talk on Community Background and Human Relations; an introductory lecture on General Aspects of Race Understanding; a lecture by Mr. Stoylen on Why We Behave Like Human Beings; a lecture on Group Relations and the Rules We Live By; a student panel on The Negro in America; a talk by the director of a Negro organization on The Contribution of the Negro to American Life; a student panel on Our Jewish Neighbor; a talk by the director of the Jewish Council on Questions and Answers Concerning the Jew; a talk on Understanding Human Relations; a talk on Japanese Americans by a member of this group; a round-table discussion in the auditorium by representatives of the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant clergy; the play, "Meet Your Relatives," presented by the drama class, followed by the movie, "The World We Want to Live In."

Virtually all the youngsters found the project interesting. A typical comment is, "It has helped me more in understanding other groups and what democracy is." One girl wrote: "The Negroes . . . have been given a very poor chance all along. The only reason why they have had to live in the poorest districts, in the poorest houses, and have had the poorest jobs, education, food, clothes, and most everything, is because of the white people. We have given them an unequal chance. . . . And because they have all these poor things, they are thought of as a dirty bunch, and so the white people put them on an even lower basis. . . . Let them at long last have a chance, an equal chance,

to make good. Our soldiers have fought for freedom not for only the white people, but for all the people. . . ."

"If I had enough money," wrote another girl, "I would like to start up an organization which would help people know more about Negroes. It would not be for the city of Minneapolis alone but . . . for the whole United States. I've learned pretty much and I have told my mom and dad, and they were very astonished on the facts of prejudice we have learned at school."

Other youngsters showed a special interest in American Indians, Japanese Americans, Chinese Americans, Jewish Americans, interfaith relations.

Not all the comments are on the credit side, however. Some show a confusion—not blameworthy in a field where adults are more often confused than not. It is these comments which suggest—even more than the positive ones—that papers like these ought to be submitted to a detailed clinical investigation. Because of lack of space, only a few can be given here.

"The Jews do not look exactly like us; neither do the Negroes." "Another interesting subject was the slaves today in America." "The Negro should have more rights than immigrants." "I don't think you should dislike a person just because he is a Jew. After all, he can't help it that he was born a Jew. . . . Many Jews are born in the United States just like any other American." "I think that if all the Negroes are like the speaker we had here, there should be no trouble between the Negro and the white." "The Jews are a very religious group, going to the synagogue three times a day, or at least, every Sabbath. If the kids go to a Jewish school, they are there from ten to twelve hours a day." "The only difference with the Jewish people is that they have a different religion and a different shape of

the nose, and maybe a darker complexion." "I learned the Jews aren't as bad as some people say they are."

Most of the youngsters admitted to having been anti-Semitic, mainly because they had felt that Jewish people were too wealthy. Now, said the youngsters, we feel better because we have learned that all Jewish people are not wealthy, and many are poor. As one student put it: "I had the impression that all Jews were wealthy, but very many of them are peddlers and live in poor homes. In some ways, the Jews are like the Americans; they live in very ritzy districts and have very many luxuries." And so on.

All that these comments mean to me is that the problem is a lot tougher than some of us—especially teachers—may have thought. We have been saying for a long time that what is needed is a project in the classroom directed by a teacher who has had some training in intergroup education and is sensitive to intergroup relations. Mr. Stoylen has the training and sensitivity, and brought the project into the classroom. We have been saying that such a project should not be a one-shot treatment but rather a series of treatments, administered either during one day or preferably over a period of several weeks. Mr. Stoylen has done this, also. Then we said the content should be broad and varied, taking up various groups and not just one, with an authority for each group. Check. And the techniques should also be varied—lecture, student panel, class discussion, round table discussion, play, movie. And this, too, was done.

Well, then, what's to be done? In general, each step in a program like this ought to be set up as precisely as possible, and then evaluated even more precisely. We

ought to try to determine what happens to the students intellectually and emotionally after each experience in the program. Part of the data could be the subjective, but extremely valuable, kind that is represented by just such reports as have been described here. A good part might come from objective tests on factual information in speeches and reading materials, and from preliminary and follow-up tests on attitudes and "personal inventory."

But as much as anything else, there must be a significant shift in the point of view of those who participate in these experiences. There is still too much in these situations of the minority group and its representative being on trial. The burden of proof is on them; we say partly on them, but we act as if we mean mainly or entirely.

Such an attitude is understandable—it is, indeed, at the core of the problem—but it expresses itself in a mental set of "I'm from Missouri"; of "I'll let you convince me—if you can"; of "I didn't like—because I thought they were—, but now I guess they're OK because I found out that some of them are—(I guess)." Youngsters (and oldsters) usually come to this sort of experience as disinterested observers—"show me." Instead, they ought to come as interested participants. They must feel—or be made to feel—the personal implications of the axiom that the Jewish problem is essentially a Christian problem which Christians must solve, that the Negro problem is essentially a white problem which the white group must solve.

We want to build a good society together. Yet too often we start by assuming that one part of our society is giving the other—a break.

• The Bookshelf •

CONDUCTED BY HENRY C. TRACY

THE GREAT EXPERIMENT

A NATION OF NATIONS. By Louis Adamic. New York: Harper, 399 pp. \$3.50

Undreamed of by early colonists, unimagined by founders of the Republic, this Union of States was destined to become the world's greatest political and cultural experiment in new nationality. As Louis Adamic has realized, we were diverse from the start. John Smith brought with him to our first English colony Poles, Germans, and Armenians. These men, whose hard labor had saved the colony while "gentlemen" idled or sickened or were incompetent, demanded the right to vote. To get it they staged the first strike in America. Since then, the number of nationalities contributing to the vigor, skills, industries, brains, and varied gifts of talent and genius of the United States has risen to sixty. The unique thing about it is that from these many strands has emerged one nation—not an aggregate of misfit minorities ready to break apart at a touch. True, there are rifts—race-prides and antagonisms—but we now know that the cause of these is not differences in nationality. Folk from every country are working to make this into a nation in which minorities do not demand special rights or a minority status such as similar groups in eastern Europe insist on. The trouble comes when one or another of these groups finds itself denied rights which all are entitled to, including the right to have its racial and cultural background respected. There exist in print good accounts of many nationality groups and their distribution, activities, achievements. We needed these assembled into one collective historical and biographical account

in which every American may read, not only what his people have brought or bred that helped build the new nation, but what other groups have contributed. This, precisely, is what Mr. Adamic has done for 13 of our leading national and racial stocks in the most brilliant and readable to date of his books on our New Americans: Americans from Italy, Spain and Mexico, France, Holland, Sweden, Russia, Germany, Negro Americans, those from Yugoslavia, Norway, Greece, Poland, and Ireland. Americans of other backgrounds will be covered in succeeding volumes. As Mr. Adamic insists here, "Diversity is the pattern," but his concern is with one culture, the American, a blend of many.

What can be done in an American city to promote mutual understanding and appreciation among groups from many backgrounds is beautifully illustrated in *Around the World in St. Paul*, by Alice L. Sickels (University of Minnesota Press. \$3). Describing it as a city of nations she says, "The world in St. Paul is on the pattern of the world in America." Aided by an alert International Institute (founded in 1919 and of which Mrs. Sickels was executive director for many years), the city has come to realize this fact and take pride in it. Most effective of all has been the Festival of Nations, to which the greater part of this book is devoted. It began as a simple Folk Festival in 1932, with a good but not a complete representation of national backgrounds available in St. Paul. In successive productions, often requiring five months of preparation, thirty groups of differing backgrounds, including Indian and old-stock American,

have participated in pageants, chorals, dances, market scenes, and food-fests that it is thrilling even to read about. We have here the whole story told by the person who started the thing going and who bore what a starter always has to bear when a project totters on the brink of failure. It succeeded magnificently, thanks to the help of folk from many lands who poured the treasures of rich old-world cultures into one cornucopia of high festival and pleasure.

Oscar I. Janowsky in *Nationalities and National Minorities* (Macmillan. \$2.75) explores the nature of the nationalities problem in East-Central Europe and proposes a solution. Minority problems can be solved in the United States by multicultural assimilation within the national state, but in many lands they cannot. Professor Janowsky explains why. So clear is his analysis and so wide its application that the interest of his discussion far transcends—for the average American—that of local troubles in Balkan and adjacent areas, which he has long despaired of understanding. Here the author grasps the thing as a world problem, the gateway to security and the portal of peace. Briefly, his answer is the multinational state. The Swiss evolved it by peaceful means. Boers and Britons learned by bloody warfare the bitter necessity of a federated binational—in their case also bilingual—state. The Russians faced the problem of 182 distinct nationalities and solved it. They saw that no majority nation could assume mastery

of so many minorities each having its own language, religion, and culture, or impose its speech as official, outlawing all others. Those things which people value as they value their lives, in localities long settled, identified in their minds with nationality, must be respected. Political ideologies matter little to such folk. Leave them their faiths, languages, schools, dress, folkways, and the control of their affairs—you may have a hundred small nations in one federated group. Such is the multinational state.

This Way to Unity is an anthology “for the promotion of good will and teamwork among racial, religious, and national groups,” edited by Arnold Herrick and Herbert Askwith (Oxford Book Company. Paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2). The editors have brought together a wealth of good material from writers in this field like Louis Adamic, Pearl Buck, Dorothy Canfield, Norman Corwin, Langston Hughes, Carey McWilliams, Jo Sinclair, Lillian Smith, Wendell Willkie, and many others. Filling a crying need for material of this kind, the book is primarily designed for school use, with questions and projects and bibliographies appended that are wide in range and interest. The volume can be equally useful for adult discussion groups, particularly those stimulated by interracial committees across the land. Wide use is made of material from *COMMON GROUND*, both in the text proper and in the suggested activities.

THE LESSON YET TO LEARN

Though as a people we have so imperfectly learned what the great American experiment should have taught us, a task even harder confronts us. *One World in*

the Making by Ralph Barton Perry (Current Books. \$3) outlines this assignment. Forty years at Harvard, to say nothing of his many books, have shown that Pro-

fessor Perry is a great teacher. What is more, he is a great citizen, qualified to lead others to see clearly and convert into action what we hope every honest American believes, but so often never gets far in applying. This basic belief is that men, everywhere, must be culturally, politically, and economically free. We have fought wars to defend this belief but we blur it in practice. Among the reasons for this is the notion that nations or states are exempt from moral law in their dealings with other states, a fallacy here exposed completely. Another is—granting that men everywhere must be free—that some of us still cling to the archaic notion that some kinds of people are not quite men, hence not entitled to fair consideration. Philosopher Perry has written a down-to-earth, dynamic exposé of such vagaries and has given us the outline of a world-culture founded on conscience and reason. Here is his keynote: “That unity of the world which we call peace and international co-operation is a moral unity.”

From William Aylott Orton, British-born, Cambridge-schooled, Gallipoli veteran, and now an American professor (Smith College), you might expect a fine analysis of *The Liberal Tradition* (Yale University Press. \$3.50), and you have it. But you have more. Where Professor Perry shows why we must have cultural freedom for all men, Orton points out flaws in the culture itself that America values but does not share freely with all minorities. He warns that frustration of elemental impulses, loss of creative activity, and the drift toward passive gratifications (displacing those calling for initiative) break down morale and weaken democracy at its core. “Instinctual freedom” can thrive only where the wholesome impulses of our immigrant and minority backgrounds are kept alive. Delight in activities native to these groups is good in itself, promotes health and

strength, does not conflict with political loyalties, but induces such loyalty in response to every recognition of cultural gifts. Liberalism, says Orton, must see to it that our laws, industrial policies, our social and economic practices reach individual persons in our composite population. If they fail here, they fail far beyond the boundaries of our Union.

William Allen White did not fail here, judged by David Hinshaw’s portrayal of him in *A Man From Kansas* (Putnam. \$3). Indeed, he typifies a liberalism grounded in Midwest political history, rooted in the social conscience of the people who came and settled there primarily as voters and to see to it that slavery was outlawed in the new State. Will White, country editor whose forthright utterances on big issues were reprinted all over the land and heeded in London, was not always a liberal. As his contacts broadened, the man grew. The story of his rift with the old-line Republicans he had supported in blind partisanship up to Taft’s day is well told here. From then on he was a progressive liberal, holding that “the end and goal of democracy is to keep men free,” as party-bound persons never are. This freedom was for all men regardless of race or religion. One of his greatest fights was against the Ku Klux Klan. A chapter of the book is devoted to this fight, the strongest blow ever struck by any one man at this particular manifestation of race and religious prejudice masquerading as “Americanism.”

Rose Schneideman’s *Democratic Education in Practice* (Harper. \$3) carries with it a vivid reminder that the great “Lesson Yet to Learn” by our adult nation had better be learned early, and a foundation laid for it in schools today for those who will be adults tomorrow. While the book aims primarily to define the gains made by the newer system of education called “progressive” and establish

techniques by which it may function soundly—as it never could under sterile handling, being creative or nothing—it lays a broader base. Thus: “Prejudice has no place in a true democracy . . . nor do we want a passive tolerance . . . but a wholesome attitude . . . toward persons of different races or religions. . . . One consequence of past educational blunders is a widespread failure to appreciate the great variety of folkways in other parts of the world . . . often no less desirable than our own.” Programs expand these observations.

“Portrait of an American” might have been the title for Kenneth S. Davis’ life of Dwight Eisenhower. Appearing as *Soldier of Democracy* (Doubleday, Doran. \$3.50), the book deals only in part with Eisenhower’s military career. It is the man himself, his preparation for the role he must play as supreme commander of allied armies, that engages the author from the first. One might say the education of this scion of hardy Pennsylvania-Dutch stock began three hundred years ago. It was organic. It was social, religious, racial, disciplinary—and it was family. Kansas merely brought it out. The living in poverty on the wrong side of the tracks in Abilene toughened it. West Point tested it, but produced no qualities not already there. Long years of service in Army camps and in organizational office work made Eisenhower as a subordinate officer familiar with every possible phase of military training, matériel, mechaniza-

tion, strategy, transportation, and supply; also made his superiors familiar with his capacity for planning, organizing, and getting things done. But this last the boy had acquired at home, helping eke out a living, and later supporting himself during schooling beyond the grades. All this, fully canvassed by the author, explains the General. Perhaps his adaptability, his kindliness, the ease with which this American—whom his friends call “Ike”—gets on with people, high and low, aristocratic or common, is not so easily explained. Mr. Davis gives us the clues in his altogether fascinating story of a family that produced six boys, of whom the five now living all went to the top to become heads of banking organizations, legal firms, colleges.

Not all American boys have known the solidarity of family. Reading Hobert Douglas Skidmore’s *More Lives Than One* (Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50), the idea comes to us that those who never know what family may mean do not know what country means. In his narrative of our Air Force Support men on a Pacific atoll, Skidmore voices the feeling they had, as they followed the attack waves into the desolation and danger of a wrecked island, that they “belonged to America”; but they had yet to make America belong to them. Strangely, it was the young Chinese American in the unit who by his calm demeanor—a self-possession unmoved by scenes of death and confusion—made them realize why they should be there.

REGIONAL AMERICAN WRITING—SELECTED

1945 was a year of anthologies. A true Middle West panel, *America Is West*, is edited by John T. Flanagan (University of Minnesota Press. \$3.75). As America,

expanding, forced its way through forest and over prairies, the pressure and pulse of it found its way into print. Frontier, farm, keel-boat, steamboat, small town,

and city yielded legend, chronicle, and story preserving the scene. Discovery, adventure, struggle, and the settled life that followed, all are in this volume. Ruth Suckow gives the home scene; Skulda Banér, the troubles of Norway's children in a new town; Sinclair Lewis tells of Carol's fight for "culture" on Main Street. Some of the record is in verse, culminating in Paul Engle's "America Remembers"—really the theme of the book. Eighty-four authors, a century's best of Midwest voices, embroider the theme.

Promised Land, edited by Stewart H. Holbrook (Whittlesey House. \$3.50), calls to life scenes in what was the "Oregon Country," now the Pacific Northwest. A "promised land" to the pioneers, it was home to their children; and their children's children write of it—of wheat fields, logging camps, paper mills, salmon runs, and of homes for plain people who value what is behind them and keep its memory fresh. Holbrook aimed to include not necessarily the best but the most typical of the writing. His own contribution, "The Passing of a Race," is one of the best things in the book—on the taming of the old-time logger by civilization.

North, East, South, West, with Charles Lee as its General Editor (Howell, Soskin. \$3.75), assigns the work of selection to Sarah Cleghorn for New England; Edwin Seaver, for the Middle Atlantic; Struthers Burt, the South; A. C. Spector, the Middle West; Joseph Henry Jackson, the West. As a whole, these

choices reflect America's more mature literature. We have had no better selection for the student and lover of our literature.

In Edwin Seaver's collection of new American writing, *Cross Section 1945* (L. B. Fischer. \$3.50), are the troubled voices of our time: of the refugee who "wonders if he has a home"; of the Negro soldier who gets no travel ticket till all the whites are placed, so loses his furlough, mocked by an American fascist M.P.; soldiers who hold their morale in a Japanese prison camp; servicemen who turn outlaws when safely home. These new writers reflect deep uneasiness about our time.

Meridel Le Sueur's *North Star Country* (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3) is a saga of the northern "Middle Border," as exuberant as the men who conquered that wilderness, and as fresh. Old country folk, they were for the most part, but here they became new men. Coming from backgrounds far from friendly, they learned to merge their efforts in one common purpose—the making of a nation that could hold all of them. This is their story: Norwegians, Swedes, Finns, Croatians, Poles, Russians, Lithuanians, Czechs, Slovaks—who had come to a land where birth and background counted for little, where what one did mattered. Miss Le Sueur's book adds lustre to the American Folkways series (edited by Erskine Caldwell), in which every volume has been a work of distinction.

FACING OUR PROBLEMS

We have heard that "America is promises." We now know that America is problems. Every newspaper, daily, flings them in our face. We dodge. Too many of

them, and too hard, too hopeless—what can a common citizen do about them? For most of us there is only one answer: Keep informed. *What the Informed Citi-*

zen *Needs to Know*, edited by Bruce Bliven and A. G. Mezerik (Duell, Sloan and Pearce. \$3), is designed to meet that need. Whether it is the problem of America and the world in general or Russia in particular; or of jobs, security, housing, farms, veterans, or any other major headache of Americans at home, we find the matter cleared up competently in this volume and in a manner that enables us to face it without confusion of mind or hopelessness. Facing our problems may not solve them, but it helps defeat those pressure groups who work best when the public mind is too befogged to notice what they are doing.

Elmer Berger in *The Jewish Dilemma* (Devin-Adair. \$3) faces the problem of his minority group with courage and forceful reasoning, sees no solution for it in Zionism, examines that movement from an angle new to most readers, and reaches the conclusion that Herzl and his followers introduced a divisive force into Jewish life, namely nationalism. To concede that the Jews are a people apart, he asserts, is to lose the fight against anti-Semitism before it is begun, for that is just what the anti-Semites say and want said—"a major pretension." His solution would be to work for *integration*—not "assimilation" implying obliteration of traits—of Jewish Americans with whatever distinctive characteristics they may possess, into the civic and social life of the United States. He denies the right of any militant organization to speak for all Jews or to claim, now or later, any corporate control of their affairs. An able statement of non-Zionist views, Rabbi Louis Wolsey of Philadelphia calls the volume "easily the most penetrating criticism on Jewish nationalism I have ever read."

Greeks, as an immigrant group, have never been a "problem" here, either to themselves or others. This may be, in part, because wise sayings in constant use

in their homeland have taught them to adapt themselves with philosophic realism to all changes of lot, good or bad fortune, and human relations. B. J. Marketos has collected 1510 of these sayings in *A Proverb for It* (New World Publishers, 220 West 42nd Street, New York 18. \$3). Ann Arpajoglou has translated, and John Vassos has illustrated them. A few are classic; most embody folk wisdom. The editor feels that all will have a special appeal to Americans who are, he observes, "perhaps the only people to have adopted positively and creatively the ideas and moral values springing from classical Greece." Well grouped under subject-headings, they should be read a few at a time—"nothing to excess," as one proverb has it. The varied and intriguing Vassos drawings on each page-margin will help convey the feeling of Greek life.

Francis E. McMahon in *A Catholic Looks at the World* (Vanguard. \$2.75) faces a problem larger than that of any religious minority: the problem of a world going bankrupt, spiritually and morally. He sees Western culture as a slow growth in the minds of men, fortified by religious teaching. He sees this culture, which Nazi barbarism undermined and hoped to destroy, barely saved in war yet unable to hold in peace the gains made at such cost to humanity. For its weakness he holds skeptical liberalism largely responsible. A staunch Catholic, he denounces a moral relativism infecting most liberals. (Ralph Barton Perry, whose book is reviewed elsewhere in these pages, is named here as a notable exception.) McMahon is unsparing in his reproach of leaders and laity in his own Church who condoned Nazi doctrines, or who—unfree from race-hate—failed to cry out against Coughlin's gross fascism. Non-Catholics must applaud him when he says, "The Christian spirit is the very negation of religious and

racial hatred," and when he quotes the Pope himself: "One cannot be a Christian and be anti-Semitic."

In *Lay My Burden Down*, edited by B. A. Botkin (University of Chicago Press. \$3.50), ex-slaves tell eloquently what it meant to be a slave and what it means to be free. The volume is made up of excerpts and whole narratives collected from the lips of former slaves by interviewers of the Federal Writers' Project. "Does I 'member much 'bout the slavery times?

Well, there is no way for me to disremember unless I die," says one. Here, unpretentiously, dramatically, with wonderful folk articulation, is revealed the life in the quarters and the big house, the kind white folk and the inhuman, the bitterness of family separation, the courage that made the Negro strike back at white men and make for freedom, the coming of the War Between the States, and the final judgment: "Freedom is better than slavery, though. I done seed both sides."

A FRESH BREATH IN FICTION

Gold in the Streets, by Mary Vardoulakis (Dodd, Mead. \$2.50), an Intercollegiate Fellowship prize novel, is an ideal immigrant story. George Vardas, young, unmarried, vigorous, and the sole support of his mother and two sisters, sees the girl who sets his pulses tingling. This being in Crete, and he a good peasant type, he cannot visit her, cannot propose, cannot even have someone speak for him. He must first provide his sisters with a dowry. But how? We watch him tend his poor fields and his olive grove on the dry and rocky hill-land. We see him tempted by the paid agent of the steamship company to buy passage to fabulous America. The tale carries a magic not drawn from fancy but from contacts made by the author on a four-year visit to the land from which her parents came. These are real people; this is their life, no less real as they voyage and re-gather in a New England mill town. Costumes change, but folkways survive the transition. Theirs was an old culture with simple integrity at the heart of it. Miss Vardoulakis writes of it with deep appreciation and writes extremely well—seriously, but with a lively sense of humor.

If the next generation is to have a better attitude toward those whose looks and ways are "different," stories like those in *Told Under the Stars and Stripes* (Macmillan. \$2) can't be offered too early or too often. This is one of the best of the famous "Umbrella Books." The stories, selected by the Literature Committee of the Association for Childhood Education, are charming. They are all about young Americans of various national and racial origins. They quicken sympathy and friendly feeling, sink deep, and should become part of the emotional make-up of the future citizen who learns to know them.

For want of any such early influences we find certain odious characters appearing in Hart Stilwell's novel, *Border City* (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50), who exploit and injure the Mexican element without protest from the "white" majority who inherit the common prejudice. Stilwell, a native Texan of the oldest of old Stephen Austin colony-stock, had this prejudice. What he saw of graft and race-discrimination while in newspaper jobs after university years opened his eyes to the real situation. A realist, and hard-boiled, he now strikes back hard in his first novel.

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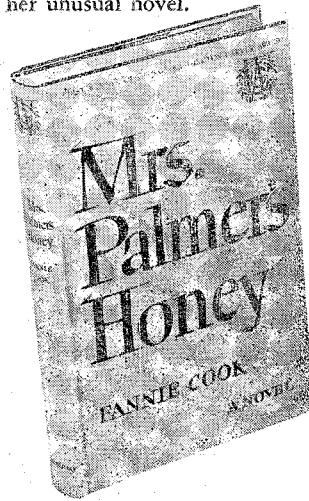
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